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Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS AND TABLETS

EL JARDIN was a luxury hotel. Enormous and low and rambling, it squatted sedately in the middle of acres of green lawns, and now John Haley was hurrying along the arched runway that led in from its parking lot.

He was a wiry young man with a harassed air. He looked hot and tired, and he was. He went in the side door of the hotel lobby and very nearly tripped over Grierson, who was sprawled out comfortably in one of the lounge chairs athwart the entrance.

"Oh, hello," Haley said. "How's crime?"

"Ain't much doin' in that line," Grierson told him, with a drawl like molasses dripping from a barrel. "One nice thing about bein' the hotel detective in this joint is that people who stay here are all so rich there wouldn't be no sense in them stealing from each other. Have you got a cigarette on you?"

Haley gave him one. "If you want to find a set of thieves to arrest, all you have to do is to look behind that door marked 'Manager.' They're charging me eighteen dollars a day for a room."

"It's worth it," Grierson maintained. "This here is a Class-A resort hotel with all the trimmings."

"I'm not on vacation," Haley said. "I live here. Have you ever heard of an assistant professor of biophysics who could afford to pay eighteen dollars a day just for a room?"

"Nope," Grierson admitted. "Why don't you live out at the college?"

"It isn't a college. It's an institute for graduate scientific study and advanced research. And the reason I don't live there is that it was built to accommodate three hundred people—students and faculty—and there are now twelve hundred and eighty-one out there."

"You should get an apartment or a room."

"That's the funniest remark I've heard to-day," Haley told him. "You know this whole resort is zoned against multiple dwelling units. There are no apartments, and very few millionaires make a habit of taking in paying roomers."

"You better consult with your friend about the matter."

"What friend?"

"The one that's waiting for you in your room."

"Somebody's waiting for me?" Haley said. "Well, I'm glad you finally got around to telling me."

He went across the dimly lighted lobby and up the broad curve of the staircase and along the second-floor hall. The door of his room was ajar, and he pushed it open wider just in time to see the man inside carefully replacing his battered brief-case on top of the bureau.

"John Haley!" the man cried enthusiastically. "Johnny, old boy, old boy!" He was smooth and sleek and he radiated good will.

Haley stared at him suspiciously. "I'm sorry, but I don't believe I—"

The man grabbed his hand. "Now, Johnny, you remember Malden O'Brien like you remember your mother! You remember meeting me at that lecture you gave on atomic fission at Bayden City?"

"Lecture?" Haley repeated. "Bayden City?"

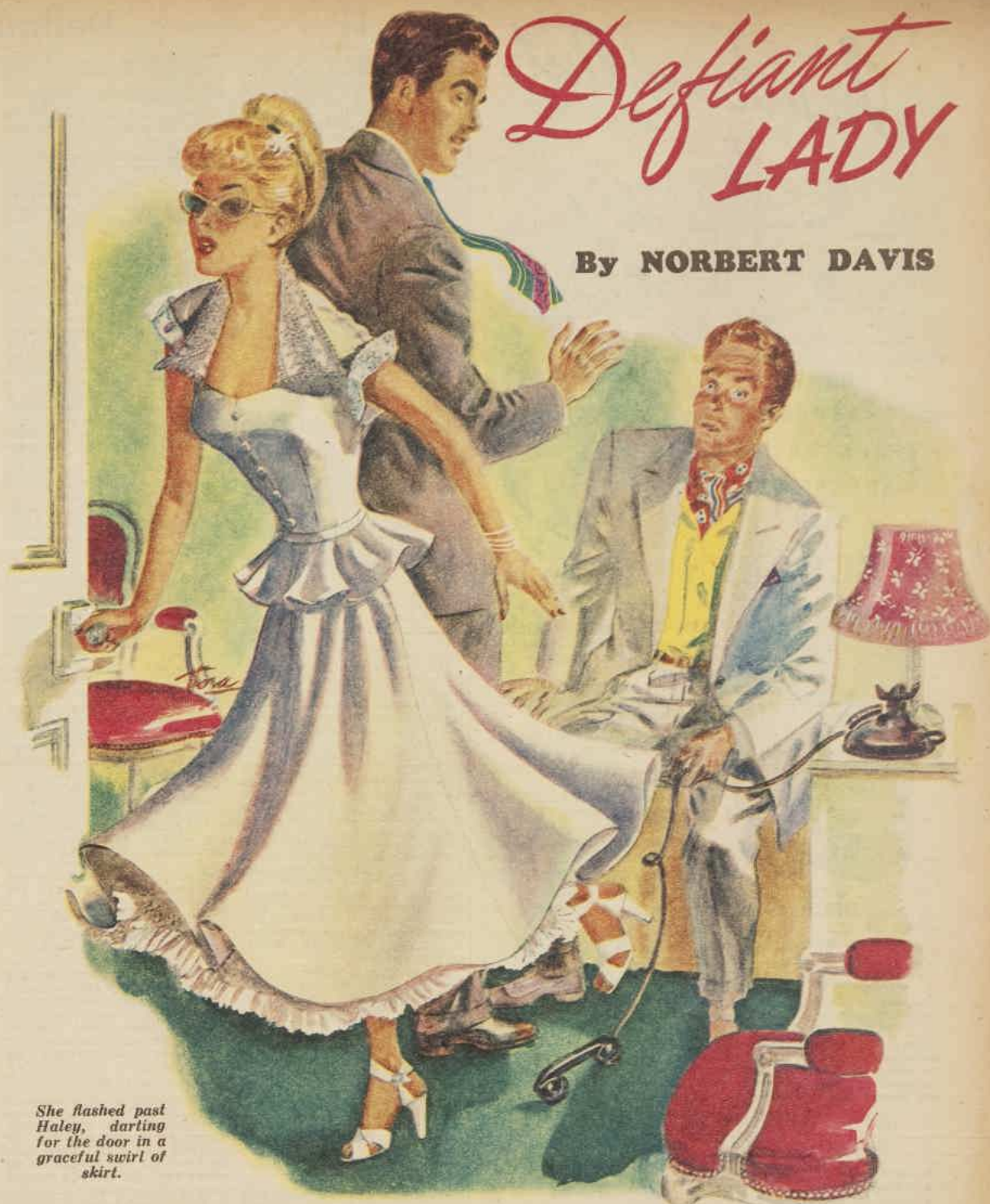
"And I told you all about the institute they were building here and how you ought to try for a job in it, and I said that housing was going to be tighter than a lemon, but that if you came around and had any trouble in that line, just to give Malden O'Brien, estate agent, a ring, and I'd put you in something neat and nifty, but I had no idea you had a taste for the kind of living El Jardin dishes out or—"

"Wait a minute," said Haley. "You said you could find me a place to live."

"Not like El Jardin, Johnny! The place I have in mind is nothing but a two-bedroom cottage. It's a jewel. But, of course, you're not interested."

"Wait, now," Haley said. "You have a cottage—"

"Oh, it's a little cutie pie! Com-



She flashed past Haley, darting for the door in a graceful swirl of skirt.

pletely renovated. Everything furnished and everything first-class. But not like El Jardin, Johnny! No, no! No polo field, no golf course, no—"

"Just listen a minute. Do you own this cottage?"

"No, no. It belongs to an estate I'm liquidating. The Tallman-Grey estate. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"What's so funny?" Haley asked.

"The deal," said O'Brien. "How the cottage came to be where it is. Old Mrs. Tallman-Grey had an English butler, name of Jimpson. He wanted to retire. Wanted a place to live here. But they've got that twenty-five-thousand-dollar minimum. No small houses available at all."

"Yes," said Haley. "Yes. Go on."

"So Jimpson consults old Mrs. Tallman-Grey. She's very fond of Jimpson. She builds him a little place on her property. Servant's

quarters, see? No zoning law against that. But she builds this little baby doll of a cottage on the extreme far corner of her lot—facing away from it, facing the street in back, see? And then she fences in the lot—makes it completely separate from her place."

"The zoning council blew a gasket. They might as well have saved their steam. Old Mrs. Tallman-Grey was a tough cookie. Dead now. Jimpson's dead, too. The cottage is too small to fool with in a big estate like hers. We're going to give it away for peanuts—dump it. And soon as I saw your name in the paper, I thought— But, of course, if you can afford El Jardin, you wouldn't be interested in—"

"Wait!" Haley shouted. "I am very much interested in this cottage! Where is it?"

"On the corner of Rodeo and El Molino. But, Johnny—"

"Have you got the keys?"

"Sure, sure. Right here."

"Have you got time to go over there with me now?"

"No, no. Sorry, old kid. I'm late for a date. Just keep the keys. You can give them to me any time. We'll be seeing a lot of each other."

"Well, I'm not so sure about—"

Malden O'Brien was already gone. Haley sat down on the bed, a little breathless and bewildered, and stared at the set of keys in his hand.

Grierson opened the door and wandered in. "Got an extra pack of cigarettes layin' around?" he asked.

"In the top drawer," Haley said. "I suppose you were eavesdropping as usual."

"I wouldn't call it that," Grierson rebuked. "I just sort of happened to be meandering past. . . . Looks like your pal is gonna fix you up with a house."

"He's no pal of mine. I don't ever remember seeing him before. He says he met me at a lecture at

Bayden, but there were four hundred people at that lecture, and they all crowded around afterward and fired questions at me."

"You gonna look into his proposition?"

"Certainly I am. Right now."

The cottage stood behind a waist-high, meticulously trimmed privet hedge. It had that neat, indefinably British air of comfort and convenience.

Haley stared at it with his mouth watering. It was so exactly what he wanted that it hurt. He opened the picket gate and went up the flagstone walk to the small front porch. He used Malden O'Brien's key in the door. If the inside was anything like the outside—

He pushed the door open and stepped through a tiny foyer into a living-room that ran the length of the house.

Please turn to page 4

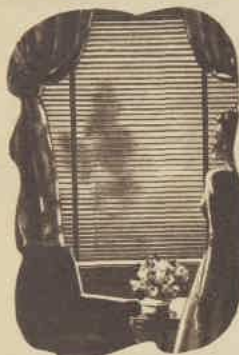
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HALEY

This place was really worth living in. It gave the illusion that its occupant had just stepped out for a second and was coming straight back. Haley walked on through into a stream-lined kitchen, white and glistening, everything modern, and opened the back door and looked out.

Someone gave an ear-shattering shriek. Haley jumped uncontrollably and then stared with popped, incredulous eyes. There was a girl lying in a brief, revealing sun suit in the back yard. That is, she had been. Now she was sitting up and screaming.

"Help!" she screamed. "Help! Burglar! Burglar!"

"Stop that!" Haley snapped. "I'm not a burglar. I'm John Haley, and I'm a professor at the institute."

"I don't care who you are! You got out of my house!"

"What?" said Haley. "Your house? Why, I was inspecting the premises with a view to purchasing the place. I wasn't informed that anyone was occupying."

"Get out! Shut up! Don't you come near me! Don't you touch me!"

"Will you stop that screeching?" Haley snarled. "If I had the choice of touching you or a tarantula, I'd pick the tarantula every time. I'm just trying to get away from you, that's all."

He stumbled hurriedly round the rear of the cottage, circled through some shrubbery, and went out through the picket gate.

It was the next day. When Haley dragged wearily in from the parking lot, Grierson was not occupying his usual observation post at the side door. Haley puffed across the lobby to the desk.

The clerk dropped his room key in front of him as though it were slightly contaminating to the touch. "Mr. Grierson and another—ah—person are waiting for you in your room. They would like to see you at once."

"All right," said Haley. He went up the stairs and along the corridor to his room. The door was shut this time, and he opened it and went in. Grierson was sitting on the bed, chin in his hands staring at the floor, but it was the other party who caught Haley's eye.

She was blonde, and she was wearing a very stylish white dress, and her legs and arms were not only beautiful but beautifully tanned. Her lips were very red, and they were pressed in a hard line, and she was wearing outside dark glasses. It took Haley a good three seconds to recognise her.

"I'm glad," he said then, "to have the opportunity of returning the courtesy you showed me yesterday. This is my room. Get out of it."

"Slow down, bub," Grierson said. "We got a bit of a fuss here."

"Fuss?" said Haley. "What are you talking about?"

"This little number," said Grierson, "is Drusilla Case, and Drusilla says you came out to her house yesterday and waltzed right in and made yourself at home under the pretext that you were gonna buy the joint."

"You knew I was going out there," Haley told him.

"Yeah, but I didn't know what you was gonna do when you got there. Drusilla says that when you spotted her, you quick decided you wanted her instead of the house. She says you swarmed all over her."

"Swarmed?" Haley said, aghast. "Swarmed? I?"

"She says that when she resisted you—ah—advances, you slugged her one and gave her a fat eye."

"What?" said Haley.

Drusilla moved slowly, menacingly. She removed her glasses.

Haley gasped. One of Drusilla's eyes was greenish black, and swollen shut.

"Palsy-walsy," said Grierson, "that's strictly not so hot. When Drusilla found out you weren't here, she was all set to carry that eye out to the institute and exhibit it around. I flagged her down. You got any remarks to address to this assembly?"

"You're a liar!" Haley shouted furiously at Drusilla.

"Chum," said Grierson, "you're gonna have to do better than that."

"But I didn't—didn't swarm. And I—I didn't slug. Why, I've never—"

Defiant Lady

Continued from page 3

The telephone rang. Grierson picked it off its stand. "What do you want?"

The telephone talked to him. "Yeah," said Grierson. He extended the phone towards Drusilla. "It's for you."

Drusilla took it and listened. She grew yellowish under her tan, and her mouth began to open incredulously. She dropped the telephone suddenly, and flashed past Haley, darting for the door in a graceful whirl of skirt.

"Here, you come back!" Haley shouted, lunging for her. He missed, and Drusilla ran on.

Haley went after her. He chased her down the hall and thundered down the stairway.

Drusilla opened the side door before Haley could get a grip on her. He sprinted desperately behind her down the runway to the parking lot. As she started the engine of a shabby grey coupe Haley caught up with her and jerked the car door open.

"You wait!" he gasped, scrambling to get in. "You're not just going to—"

Grierson suddenly boosted him from the rear and then climbed right into the car on top of him.

"You stay out of this!" Haley panted, fighting his way out from under. "This is none of your—"

The coupe got under way with a neck-cracking jerk.

"Stop!" Haley yelled. "You're going to stop and explain why—"

"Shut up!" Drusilla said. "I'll explain. But first I've got an important murder to commit."

Grierson nudged Haley. "Got a cigarette?"

Haley said, "I'll give you something— Look out! You're on the wrong side! Watch that signal—"

The tyres wailed eerily, taking a corner, and the sound of the coupe's motor rose to a startled moan, and then Drusilla locked the brakes and the coupe skidded round daintily on loose gravel and slammed against the kerb in front of the cottage.

Drusilla was out of the coupe instantly, standing rigid as a ramrod, staring. Haley and Grierson got out and stood on either side of her, staring, too. There was a man watering the neatly clipped front lawn of the cottage. He was a bald, frail little man in shirtsleeves and carpet slippers.

"How do you do?" he said.

Drusilla moistened her lips. "Did you—did you buy this house?"

The little man nodded.

Drusilla's shoulders drooped slowly. "Okay," she said, turning to Haley. "Slug me in the other eye."

"Don't think I won't," Haley told her. "But first I want some explanation of your insane behaviour."

"All right," Malden O'Brien owns this house."

"He told me he didn't."

"He's constitutionally incapable of telling the truth. He's an out and out rogue. His real estate broker's licence was revoked long ago. He has been sued a half-dozen times for fraud, but they can never quite corner him." She paused a moment.

"He bought this house when the Tallman-Grey estate was broken up, for fifteen hundred dollars. Jimpson, the man it was built for, had died some years before, and it was terribly run down. O'Brien rented it to me for forty dollars a month. I own the gift shop at the airport."

"Well, go on," Haley ordered. "Go on."

"Drusilla sighed. 'I've rented the house for five years. I never had a lease. O'Brien wouldn't give me one. No need for that between old friends. No need for that with O'Brien, whose word is his bond. I could live right here forever. Ha!'"

"What happened?"

"I worked like a dog fixing the place up to look like it does now. And then O'Brien gave me notice to vacate, because he's planning to sell the place. But I'm his pal. I can have first chance to buy it—for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Uh!" said Haley.

"He pays fifteen hundred," Grierson mused, "and now he tries to make you buy it for fifteen thousand." He whistled softly.

Drusilla said, "I yelled, I threatened, I tore my hair. O'Brien just laughed. There was nothing I could do to him that would make his reputation any worse than it is already, but I warned him that I'd go for the first prospective customer he brought or sent here. O'Brien believed me, apparently, so he used you for a stalking horse."

"A what?" Haley asked.

"He used you as a decoy to distract my attention while he completed a deal with this other character here. I wasn't really going out to the institute. I was just going to scare you so thoroughly you'd never even walk past this house again. I'm terribly sorry. I'm going to cry now, I think."

"Don't," Haley warned. "You're not through yet. How did you get that black eye?"

"It was your fault. I was watching you, to make sure you'd gone, and running for the house, and I tripped and fell on a deck chair. Then, right in the middle of my scene at the hotel, O'Brien called me and told me to come and get my things or he'd toss them out. Will you do whatever it is you're going to do to me now, please?"

"Just hold on," said Haley. "I want you to know that I don't blame you a bit, and I think you're a very resourceful and courageous—and pretty girl, even with that eye."

"Now I am going to bawl."

"No, no," said Haley. "Please. I think perhaps I have an idea." He approached closer to the hedge.

"May I ask your name, sir?"

"It's Dobson," said the little man.

"Thank you. Do you mind telling me how much you paid for this cottage?"

"Twelve thousand," said Dobson. "Oh!" Drusilla wailed. "That O'Brien! He wouldn't come down one cent for me!"

Please turn to page 20



HER grandfather, the old Tiger of the Sea, dies suddenly, and sixteen-year-old Liliom, alone in their little cottage on a remote Caribbean reef, is in grave danger from the fugitive outlaws who haunt the surrounding swamps.

Eight years previously her grandfather brought her to this lonely spot when authorities threatened to take her into their custody, claiming that he could not maintain her properly.

Now, thinking back over her life here, she comes to an incident when, after two years, they went by boat to the little port of Santa Teresa, in the Isle of Palmas, to sell polished shells and model ships that her grandfather had made.

As they draw in at the pier a seaman from an approaching yacht calls to her grandfather to give way. When he refuses to obey, one of a troop of soldiers on the pier capsizes their boat. Flung into the water, Liliom tries desperately to rescue the little ships.

Now read on—

ALL at once there was a new stir on the pier above. Then a young voice asked sharply, "What's happening here?"

Clutching at a little ship, Liliom looked up to see a young man staring anxiously down at her from the pier.

The reflections of the water beat up on his face, his white sports shirt was open at the throat, and his arms were beautifully muscled and brown.

"Hold on, youngster!" he said. He swung himself lightly over the edge, dropping into the water beside her. His long arms helped her gather the model ships together.

MY LOVE WILL COME

"They upset us!" Liliom said through pale lips.

The red face and prematurely balding head of the man who had tried to stave them appeared over the wharf, and she heard someone calling him "Mr. Overseer."

"They stave us!" he shouted spitefully. "They ought to be in gaol."

The young man, somewhat ridiculously encumbered with model ships, looked up and his eyes narrowed a little in question. "How did they stave us?"

The overseer pointed to the shark spear still impaling the planking of the yacht. He was very righteous. "With the spear! The pirates! What you expect to find down here!"

"Liar!" Liliom said. "We were in first and he tried to stave us!"

The young man looked between them, and at the pier and the spear, and his face was thoughtful.

Her grandfather was holding to the upturned boat, breathing heavily, and pressing his hand to his chest. He muttered, "Just . . . short . . . of breath!"

The young man said thoughtfully, "I don't see how they stave us, Sid, unless you were coming in on them."

A curious, long look stood between him and the overseer. The young man said, "Get down and give me a hand here!" To the soldiers he said in Spanish, "Everything's all right!"

The soldiers were full of smiles.

They got her grandfather into bed aboard the yacht and a doctor said he would live to be ninety if he never got excited.

Then, with Liliom dressed in a dry shirt and pants of the young man's, with half the sleeves and three-quarters of the trouser legs rolled up so she could move, the young man perched himself on the rail and got tobacco and a pipe out of a waterproof case.

"Was always getting 'em wet!" he said to Liliom, and smiled. "Now let's get to the bottom of this thing!" She told her story and the overseer told his. The young man looked between them and drew on his pipe. "Drove his spear through us!" the overseer concluded.

The young man said, "Sid, I think you are a liar!" He looked at the overseer, whose little eyes were vindictive, though his face was servile. The young man relit the pipe and threw the match away and stood up, facing the other man.

"They couldn't have hit you from this side unless they were at the pier first. They couldn't have driven the spear through us unless they were trying to hold you off with it with the haft against the pier. Where it's still stuck!" His voice grew quieter.

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

"I've thought you were a liar for a long time, but I wasn't quite sure and I kept you because you'd been with dad. I thought it was poppycock when I heard you'd been using the boat smuggling. Now I'm not so sure . . . I am sure you're a liar and a rotten bully . . . and you can get out!"

Again the long look was between them. There was hate on the overseer's part, contempt on the part of the young man. The overseer said, "You'll regret this!"

The young man shrugged. "Get your wages and get off the boat! I don't want you around any more!"

As he went, the overseer looked at Liliom, and his eyes said that he would remember. She realised that he thought that they had told about the yacht's visit to the reef.

The young man took her to where the steward was setting a table with

Liliom looked up to see a young man staring anxiously down at her from the pier.

hot steaks and real potatoes and fresh buttered peas and salads of something that she supposed was asparagus. Suddenly the beauty of the meal was too much for her—when they had lost the labor of two years, when they would not be able to go to the little Spanish restaurant of which her grandfather had talked, when he wouldn't be able to buy the little things he had wanted so or the gift for her.

She sat down quietly on the deck and put her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. The young man went down on his knee beside her and put his arm around her, and she leaned on him and gasped chokingly.

After he got her nose blown and her face wiped with a beautiful white handkerchief, she raised her face to his smiling one.

"He worked so hard—so hard—making the ships and getting the hawkabill! They might have been worth twenty dollars! Now he can't have the store-bought pipe or the tobacco!" Her tears ran down her face again.

"There are still three ships left," the young man said. "Do you know what ships like that are worth?"

She only held her wet eyes open and tried to stop the running tears.

He said, "They're worth a hundred dollars apiece. I know about those things; my father collected them."

She stared. "And tell me the other things you lost!" the young man went on. "I must pay for them; it was all my

man's fault. And I owe something for your boat being upset. If you sued me, I'd have to pay. I'm not trying to give you something; it's only what you've a right to."

She was ten years old, and she was in love. She knew that if she lived eighty years, she would still love the young man. She said, "I trust you for my grandfather not to pay us more than is our due."

"I won't," he said. "Here's my hand on it!" He stood up. "Now what about lunch?"

She was suddenly ravenous. At the meal she told him all her life. Once he asked, "You keep the house?"

Liliom laughed. "I am grown now! Once I had to stand on stools, but now I can reach everywhere!" She was puzzled by the wonder and the pity in his face. She explained, "Of course, I won't be really grown until my Grown Party when I'm sixteen."

After lunch, she appeared from below carrying a cake of soap. She asked, "Might I use your soap to wash my blouse?"

When the blouse was washed, she hung it efficiently to dry, and later,

taking it in, she showed it to him. "I sewed it myself."

He said, "It is a beautiful blouse."

She said wonderingly, "They say you are a rich man's son."

"They mean the son of a man who was rich," he told her.

The next morning her grandfather was better and even a little apologetic. "Shouldn't have done it," he said. "Might have hurt someone. Lost my temper."

She said, "They used to call my grandfather El Tigre del Mar—The Tiger of the Sea!"

The young man smiled. "I'd think it might still apply."

When the time came for them to say good-bye, the young man called her to the bow, and she went shyly, for in her pocket was something that she should not have had; a small cake of scented face soap that was not for use—she would never have taken it for that—but was to be a reminder of the young man.

Her heart pounded with the guilt of having taken it and the ecstasy of having it.

The young man said, "I have paid your grandfather what we have agreed on for compensation, but I still do not think it is enough for the ships. Here are two hundred dollars more for what I think they are worth."

He looked at her. "I think you are grown-up. I want you to keep the money and say nothing about it, for we men are sometimes rather foolish with money."

She loved him for saying that, but she said stoutly, "My grandfather is very wise."

He went to one knee to bring their eyes on a level. He said, "Your grandfather is one of the wisest men I have ever met, but sometimes a man's wisdom is of big things and of the past, and someone else must be wise for little things and for the future."

"Keep the money, in case you really need it. If you ever need help, write to the place written on this paper. Will you promise me that?" She nodded.

"Do you promise about the money?" he asked.

She flushed because she felt disloyal to her grandfather, but there was now the new loyalty of her adoration for the young man. And she knew that he was right; in some things she was now more grown-up than her grandfather.

"I promise truly," she said.

He looked at her. "Do you know something else? You are the bravest, most wonderful little scrap I've ever known! Are we true friends?"

"True friends!" she whispered.

He said, "Good-bye, little wonderful Liliom!"

Suddenly she could not bear it. She asked, "You may come again in the beautiful boat?"

"The beautiful boat is going north to be sold, and I'm going to have my nose very tight to the grindstone, trying to save the beautiful business. But I will be on the South American end for the next two years, and I'll try very hard to come." He smiled.

"And it's a promise that, whenever I am, I'll come for that sixteenth birthday when you're officially grown up."

Please turn to page 26

Page 5

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 18, 1948

Give him a KLIPPER Xmas . . . KLIPPER Ties, Scarves, Dressing Gowns, Handkerchiefs, Tie and Handkerchief Sets.

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The ever popular zipper leather case—beautiful and practical. Contains two Cutex Polishes, Removers, Cuticle Oil, Nail White Pencil and File, Manicure Stick, Emery Boards and Plastic Pusher. 45/0.

SUEDIE

Slim elegant simulated suede case. Contains two Cutex Polishes and all preparations for the perfect manicure. 37/6.

COLLEGATE

Pingrained leather accented with brass hobnails. Contains Cutex Polish, Cuticle & Polish Removers, Cuticle Oil, File, Manicure Stick etc. 22/6.

CUTIE

Beautiful silk fold-over bag containing Cutex Polish, Cuticle & Polish Removers, File and other accessories. 13/6.

CUTEX
MANICURE SETS

Obtainable from high class department stores and chemists

ELLA was curled up on her divan looking at a book. She was not reading it, because you couldn't read while a girl like Florence was bustling about getting ready to go out.

"What time is it?" Florence asked feverishly, throwing powder on her face with one hand and brushing it off with the other.

Ella sighed. "Three minutes later than it was last time you asked me."

Florence whipped the make-up cape from her shoulders, and gave Ella a penetrating stare.

"Sour—that's what you are these days. And why aren't you coming out? You know Thursday's the best night at the club."

"Sidney might telephone," said Ella, hopefully.

Florence was wriggling into flimsy, high-heeled shoes, with complicated straps.

"Sidney, my foot!" she exclaimed appropriately. "You've been saying that every night for a fortnight. It would do Sidney good to find you not in when and if he phones."

"I don't want to be out," said Ella peevishly. "And Sidney's all right. He's studying rather hard just now."

"Oh, yes—" said Florence, grimacing. "Look—you might as well know the sober truth and get over it quickly—"

"I know," Ella said quickly, flushing and closing her book with a snap. "Is it still that big blonde?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"I'm not afraid of that big blonde," said Ella. "It's only that—" she sighed. "Well—don't you think she's rather expensive for a medical student?"

"I rather think she's doing the financing side, Father's rich."

Ella looked indignant. "Sidney may be poor, but he's not like that. He has his pride. He—"

"Of course he has," Florence said quickly. "But there are always ways of doing things. It's amazing the number of theatre tickets that blonde has given her—in pairs, too. They went to the ballet every night last week."

"Sidney loves the ballet," Ella said, wistfully. "I rather thought he'd ask me to go with him."

Florence stared at her, then she said, "Do you know what's wrong with you? You're a woman without wiles. A woman without wiles," she repeated the phrase thoughtfully, then looked at her watch. "Heavens, I must go. If Sidney rings, tell him you're busy."

"He'll know I'm not busy if I'm in," said Ella.

"You're hopeless!" Florence picked up her bag. "Don't get into any mischief," she said over her shoulder, and added sardonically, "Ha ha!"

"And ha ha to you!" retorted Ella, suddenly nettled.

Florence went, but her words lingered behind her. And more than anything else, Ella felt she wanted to get into mischief and use her supposedly non-existent wiles to get out of it.

"I should have gone to the club," she decided at length. She opened a drawer and looked pensively at a pair of nylons. But if she went to the club Sidney might ring up.

He told me he loved me, she brooded. And then I didn't see him again. Why? She had been inventing excuses for Sidney's apparent desertion for a whole fortnight, so they came easily to her now.

He was poor; he had another year in which to qualify; he thought it wouldn't be fair to ask her to wait. Men, nice men, she decided, were like that.

The telephone rang in the hall. Quick as she was, Mr. Brimble, the housekeeper's husband, was answering it when Ella opened the door.

"For me?" Ella asked eagerly.

"No," said Mr. Brimble grimly. "For me—for once!"

"Oh," said Ella, all hope gone. Then—"I'll be in all evening if anyone should—" But Mr. Brimble had turned a cold, broad shoulder.

Ella wandered back into the big double divan room. Oh, Sidney! She felt in her bones that he wouldn't ring now. Why, then, didn't she go to the club?



She reached for the nylons, and the doorbell rang.

Sidney! Her heart bumped itself practically to a standstill. Sidney! He'd come!

She rushed out, clattered down the stairs, and opened the door. She was struggling to look surprised—but all she managed was a pleased, I've-been-expecting-you—all-evening look. The man who received the full force of it blinked, and Ella's mouth shaped itself in a disappointed "O" as the hall light showed the caller to be a complete stranger.

"G-good evening," he stammered. "Is—Miss Cope in?"

Miss Cope! It took Ella a few seconds to realise he meant Florence.

"She's at the club," she said.

"Oh!" said the stranger, evidently knowing which club was meant. "I haven't time to go down there because of the chicken."

"Chicken?" Ella took a step back. "Yes—I'm Joe."

"Joe?"

I could talk sense if he would, she thought.

"You'd better come in for a moment," she said.

"Thanks."

Joe came in and they went up to the divan room, where Ella was able to have a good look at the rather distracted Joe.

He was tall, dark, nervous-looking. He had nice brown eyes. His sports jacket was shabby, but Ella was able to give him full marks for the clean shirt and uncrumpled tie.

"Are you a student?" she hazarded, sitting down and nodding at an armchair.

Joe sat down gingerly. "No," he said. "I'm through. Research work."

"Oh," said Ella, gaining from this scrappy information a picture of Joe in a white coat, peering through a microscope.

"Florence hasn't mentioned me?" He looked anxious, and Ella felt sorry for him.

"I—I think she has," she said kindly.

"No, she hasn't," his tone was gloomy. "But it's nice of you to pretend she has."

He paused, giving the room an appraising glance. "This is better than my place. I was going to ask Florence if she would share my chicken."

"What about this chicken?" asked Ella. "Is it cooked?"

"It's cooking," he sighed. "My landlady's doing it. It was a present." He scratched his left temple. "What am I going to do? I can't eat a whole chicken at one sitting."

"You don't have to," said Ella practically, at the same time thinking how nice it was of him to want to share it. "It will last a week cold, and the bones will make good broth."

"I don't want it to last a week," he said. "Look, if you're doing nothing, what about sharing it with me?"

"Oh, no," said Ella. "Thanks a lot, but I couldn't."

"It's quite all right," he persisted. "I mean you could just eat and come straight back. It isn't far either; a few steps up the road."

Ella blushed. "I wasn't thinking—er—the truth is, I'm expecting a telephone call."

"Telephone calls never come when you expect them," said Joe, who had evidently not gone through life un-

scathed. "What time are you expecting it?"

Ella sighed. "Any time."

"Ah," said Joe sagely. "Those are just the sort that never happen."

She frowned. "You don't exactly cheer a girl up, do you?"

He grinned and she saw it was a rather nice affair. "Come and eat my chicken—that'll cheer you. I've got a tin of peas, too."

Suddenly Ella made up her mind. "All right," she said. "Let's go."

Joe lived in a rather dreary-looking house. He led the way up the narrow staircase and opened the door at the top with a flourish.

"My room!" he announced. Then he stared at it as though he had never seen it before. "I'm just wondering why," he explained, "I've lived here since I was a student and it has never occurred to me to change."

"You need a woman to look after you," said Ella, then she blushed. Florence had told her that was always a fatal thing to say to a man.

But Joe appeared not to have heard. He poked the fire vigorously. "Any wood?" asked the practical Ella.

"Stacks." He opened a battered coal-scuttle and revealed a stick and a half. But it sufficed, for at least it was dry.

"It never does that for me," he said watching the flames wonderingly.

"Your bird's ready, Joe!" shouted the landlady from the bottom of the stairs.

Joe bounded from the room and returned a few seconds later with a handsomely broiled chicken on a very cracked dish.

"You can look now," he said to Ella, who had seated herself in front of the fire, with her back to the table.

The chicken was certainly good, and Ella, as she ate it, thought she wasn't doing too badly for all her lovelornness. And in a way, this was an adventure, too. Romance, if you liked. She stole a glance at Joe and he met her gaze.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "But you'd rather I were Florence?" she hazarded. "By the way, how did you meet her?"

"At the medical ball. I was feeling like a fish out of water, then I got pushed into a thing where you keep changing partners. The music stopped and there was Florence. She was wearing a red dress. And by the way, I wouldn't rather you were she."

Ella sighed. She remembered the medical ball, chiefly because she had missed it. Sidney had talked about it for weeks beforehand, then decided he couldn't afford the tickets.

Ella had toyed with the idea of buying them herself, but, fearful of Sidney's feelings, she had

hesitated—and lost.

The male Cinderella had subsequently gone to the ball, with the big blonde, who never hesitated.

Ella considered Joe's concluding remark and found herself blushing.

Joe, who had never seen a girl blush before, stopped eating to give the phenomenon the attention he thought it deserved.

"You've got a pretty little face," he observed solemnly. "And I like your quietness."

"I'm not always quiet," Ella said defensively. "I can be gay."

"Yes," he conceded. "I think you could, but never too gay."

Ella rose. "I think I'd better go now."

"Sit down," he ordered. "There's coffee yet and a cigarette. Three courses."

When Ella had smoked the third course, she stood up determinedly.

"Now, I really must go. Thank you for the chicken and—and every-

"You can look now," Joe said in excited tones.

thing, Joe. Incidentally, I suppose you have another name?"

"Nicholas," he said, rising and helping her on with her coat. "Nicholas Nicholas. Silly, isn't it? I changed the christian name to Joe at school. You have a name, too, I suppose?"

She told him he supposed rightly and also that she was called Ella Lane; that she was twenty-three and worked in the same office as Florence.

He walked home with her. "Florence is home," said Ella, seeing the light in the window. "You'd better come in and tell her what she's missed."

"No," he said, pausing at the first laurel bush. "I don't think I will. I doubt if Florence would even recognise me. And in any case, Ella, I would rather see you. Do you think you could bear to meet me again? I don't have a chicken every night, but we could do a film, or something, and have supper."

She hesitated. There was Sidney. She had not quite forgotten Sidney during the past two hours.

"To-morrow?" he pressed.

"I—I don't know. You see—"

"I'll telephone you after six-thirty," he said quickly. "And if I can't get through, I'll come round. Then if you're not doing anything—"

"All right," said Ella, "ring me—Joe."

When she entered the divan room she blinked in surprise. Not only was Florence home, but Sidney was there, too.

He rose. "Well, here's a nice time to come in. Eleven-fifteen."

His blue eyes appraised her, noting the brightness of her gaze and the freshness of her cheeks after the walk.

Please turn to page 36



JANUARY

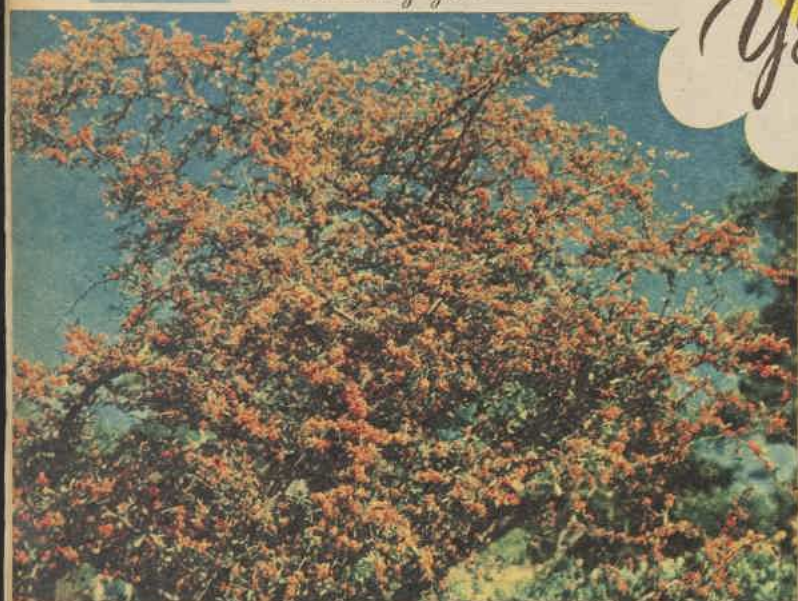
Flowering gum



FEBRUARY

Frangipani

The Year



MAY

Crataegus



JUNE

Violet



SEPTEMBER

Daffodil



OCTOBER

Scarlet bottle brush



MARCH

Water-lily



APRIL

Chrysanthemum



JULY

Wattle



AUGUST

Fruit blossom

*in
Flowers*



NOVEMBER

Illawarra flame, Jacaranda



DECEMBER

Christmas bell



as fresh and cool as her fragrance

The crisp, cool delicacy of Yardley English Lavender is always endearingly feminine. It was created for fastidious women. It will keep you feeling coolly poised anytime—anywhere—and in any season. It is the fragrance of pleasant associations—of freshness and elegance. It is the expression of a charming personality,

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YOU know how a home can be sometimes. For one thing, we had eight cats as well as the spaniel pup who has to be succored now and then from the neighbor's police dog.

I hesitate to mention that we had eight cats because my wife thought it a sweet idea when a friend offered Mike two little kittens who played sweetly together and would help to teach a small boy how to care for dumb and helpless animals.

Maybe it was a sweet idea, but then she overlooked the possibility of two kittens, in due course, becoming eight cats.

So now we had eight—three being thrown out of the kitchen, three asleep in the washing machine, and two—the yellow one and the black one—waiting their muddy feet over the top of the sedan I had just washed.

I was cutting the lawn. I was cutting it because six years old is much too young to have a boy learning to cut the lawn, and anybody who thinks he ought to, just because he's big enough, is trying to exploit child labor. That's what Bea says.

We were then visited by a motor-cycle. Now, this is a nice, quiet suburb, in spite of the man next door who is out to beat the meat prices by raising hens, and I wish he would put blinders on them, so they would not wake up at 4 a.m.

The motor-cycle was not hard to locate. It came straight down the hill—if he had any brakes, you couldn't tell it—and into our drive, scattering dust.

On the back of the thing, a sort of jump seat, a girl relaxed first one hand and then the other, looking surprised when both her arms still worked after hanging on so hard to that big, manly chest in front of her. She was not a bad-looking girl, and she tried to keep from staggering when she got off.

From in front George—my affectionate little brother George—greeted me. He had luggage stowed here and there on the machine—which spells a week-end and a run on the food supply any time George does it.

"Hello," George said cheerfully. "We've come for the week-end."

"I am going to have to speak to the postman," I told George. "He didn't deliver your letter saying you were coming."

"That I can vaguely understand," Freddie, George admitted. "I did not write any. I was not sure you could read."

We Williams' are just a great, big happy—or what am I saying? At least we're a family. George confided that the girl's name was Gwen, and she displayed a nice smile, although I was still worried about what kind of a chill Bea might develop at the front door.

But, of course, it is a well-known fact that I do not know anything about women. What Bea said when she came out to investigate the racket boiled down to, "Oh, it's you, huh, George," plus, "Why, you poor child, come right in and get rested. Men have no sense or they would not expect a girl to take such a horrible trip"—meaning the motor-cycle, I presumed.

George stopped to make friends with five or six cats. When he went in the house the whole tribe followed him, mewing and rubbing against his legs.

I finished cutting the lawn and went indoors to find George rum-maging in a cabinet which I never should have let him locate.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you could have saved up a little something for special occasions. After all, I do not visit you very often."

"Life in the country," I told George, "has some compensations that surprise you. I do not save up anything except for snakebite, although I am not sure this doesn't amount to the same thing."

So we got out the bottle.

I said, "That's a nice-looking girl, George."

George nodded. "Gwenie's all right. Only I don't know. She's getting awfully interested in houses. The nice little kind, just right for two."

I said, "Well?"

"The trouble with you," he said, "is that you can't imagine anybody

being different from yourself. Now, Bea's O.K., and you've got a nice kid, but when did you ever have any fun?"

I said, "That depends on what you mean. Now you may look like Adonis on that motor-cycle to some befuddled people, but to me it's different."

We might have gone on with it, but Bea and Gwen came into the kitchen just then, Gwen now looking terrific in a dress.

"Freddie," Bea asked me sweetly, "would you like to go down and rattle that furnace with the door that falls off?"

I said it was not right to have to cut a lawn and fire a furnace on the same day, but my wife said I was the one who wanted to live out here, not she.

Come to think about it, she said, I could go shopping for her instead, and George could fire the furnace. It would be one of the few times in history, she added, when both of us would be doing something constructive.

I said I did not think George would understand the furnace door, which always came off, but George said he might manage. When I got back with a loaf of bread, George was washing his hands in the kitchen sink.

"I fixed the door," he said. "You never were any good around a house. I'm surprised Bea puts up with you."

Bea said she was surprised sometimes herself. Gwen did not say anything. I was beginning to like Gwen.

So the next day I took her fishing out in the river. George said he was too tired to go. The outboard motor purred like one of those eight cats as I steered over towards the river mouth.

Gwen was a nice fishing pupil. She sat still while I unwound the lines with which Mike had been trying to fly a kite and untangled another in which the kittens had been having a boxing match.

With the lines overside, I settled

The Horrible Example

By
**WILLIAM
WORDEN**

like that last night. Well, just try to avoid knocking the roast off the dinner table when you carve it. I had to bribe the butcher, besides listening to what the doctor said about his liver. The butcher's liver, I mean, not what he says he doesn't have this week, when you know perfectly well it's under the counter."

Sunday evening was not bad, just a quiet evening at home in front of the fire, the four of us playing a little bridge. That is, we played bridge after Mike finally went to sleep. He kept on yelling for his mother an hour after he had gone to bed, but he gave up with nothing more than the normal treatment.

That was, I told him to hush or I would tear his arm off and beat him over the head with it. Nothing unusual at all. Just regular bedtime stuff.

There was only one other slight interruption, when one of the younger cats got lost down in the thicket between the house and the beach, and kept yowling until finally George and I went out and rescued him.

"Hello," George said cheerfully. "We've come for the week-end."

back. I said, "Tell me about this George business."

She gave a little sigh. "Well," she said simply. "I'm in love with him. And I think he's in love with me, too. In fact, I'm sure he is."

"So?" I prompted.

"So nothing does me any good. I can't get him up to the point of talking about a ring and a minister, except as outmoded curiosities."

I said, "Well, bringing you to see the relatives isn't a bad sign."

"That," she said, "was my idea."

I expressed interest. There was a short companionable silence.

AFTER a moment Gwen said: "I guess George has lived in hotels and Army camps too long. He seems to think marriage is nothing but things breaking, leaky water pipes, and babies yowling. What makes it hard is that I have no home myself to show him anything different."

I said, "So we're the big example of an harmonious home life?" I sighed myself.

"Gwen," I went on, "you should have inquired more closely. Our roof leaks and the light bulbs are practically always burned out. We'll try to be on our good behaviour, but I can't promise a thing."

We decided after that that neither of us was really interested in fishing, so we started for home. Or tried to.

The outboard motor decided it was overworked, and declined to start. I

had a two-mile row back to our own beach, where George sat on a log and watched us for the last twenty minutes. He was wearing an expression which needed no words—just like I told you—things always breaking."

A dogfight started while we were beaching the boat—the Alsatian was really taking the spaniel apart until George fired a rock and hit him right on the nose, which I had been trying to do for weeks without coming close.

George was still sitting beside the boat when I went up to the house. After half an hour I heard the motor firing smoothly, and he came up to wash his hands in the kitchen sink again.

"What you need," he said, "is to clean the spark plugs once in a while. Didn't anybody ever teach you anything?"

I could not think of any answer which would be worth while.

I waited until Gwen and George were both out of earshot, and then broke the news to Bea that we were on display as an example of happy home life.

She said, "I gathered something

Bea was quite sympathetic about the trouble. "If you had locked them in the basement the way you should have before dark," she suggested, "nothing would have happened."

The rest of the evening was very pleasant. Once or twice, Gwen made some fairly obvious attempts, such as telling Bea how sweet she thought our place in the country was. Bea was pleased.

Really, she said, it was not far from town, and the big shops would deliver but here and be glad to get the business, once things settled down, although, of course, at present they made an awful fuss if you asked them to deliver a strip of linoleum, which really wasn't what you wanted, but was all that you could find to cover that awful bare spot by the kitchen sink.

She stopped as I stepped carefully on her toes, although I got an I'll-attend-to-you-later look for my trouble.

Please turn to page 29

Mother's Christmas...



FAMILY FINANCES are investigated by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spinner, of Willoughby, N.S.W., as a preliminary to 1948 Christmas preparations.



IT'S ON by mid-November! First, the pudding. Children have fun of scraping bowl.



THE SPINNERS are inventive; good at rejuvenating old toys. With a family of four, prices high, this helps budget.



THE PACE quickens for a busy mother. Stockings are cut out, sewn, dyed red, filled with small toys from chain-store.

Page 12



TOWN AGAIN, last visit, Mrs. Spinner hopes. Bon-bons make expensive item on budget, but children love them.



LAST THING on Christmas Eve, the Australian-type Christmas tree will be trimmed. On the silver-gum branches the Spinners hang traditional decorations put away from last year, add new ones.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 18, 1948

Johnson's Glo-Coat cuts out "down-on-the-knees" polishing — imparts a brilliant lustre to floors and linos that really lasts



IN LUNCH-HOUR they meet in toy department to spend the money put aside for buying new toys.



Behind every festive, gift-laden Christmas, celebrated by family groups throughout the land, there's a figure who for weeks has been feverishly planning, contriving, performing miracles of hard work and ingenuity.

Without her unselfish devotion, her incomparable skill as banker, stage manager and general factotum, thousands would not know Christmas for the joyous, traditional time of plenty that it is. This picture series is a tribute to the mothers of Australia, who make December 25 a real Christmas.



"SHOO, they're for Christmas!" Final baking fills cookie jars to the brim. Children laugh—it won't be long now!



ON CHRISTMAS MORNING the kitchen, filled with tantalising cooking smells, will be popular meeting place. Mother will preside here, tired, but triumphant.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 18, 1948



TIME must be found to make pretty new frocks for Christmas parties. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

MORE WORK, so that the house will be shining and spotless on great day.



THIS WILL BE HER REWARD. Surrounded by children—Pat, three; Christine, eight; Maureen, four; and Dick, six—she will be given the presents they have saved up to buy and selected with such love. Worth it? Ask any mother, and she'll say Christmas is the happiest time of the year.

Page 13

A "FAMILY HONEYMOON" with COLBERT ... MACMURRAY & THREE KIDS ... Hilarious Comedy ... Coming Soon

Charming Xmas Gifts

ORIGINAL MITCHAM LAVENDER



L26—Gift Set, containing Mitcham Talcum Powder, Mitcham Lavender Water and Mitcham Lavender Complexion Soap. Each 8/3.



L3—Gift Set, containing Mitcham Lavender and Talcum Powder, attractively boxed. Each 6/9.



L45A—Original Mitcham Lavender in imported bottles as illustrated, 9/6. Other designs and sizes, 3/3, 4/9, 15/- and 18/6.



L503—Liquid Bath Salts in gift carton, 7/6 and 13/6.



L240—Gift Set, containing Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Salts, Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder, and Mitcham Lavender Water. Each 10/6.



ML110B—Moulded Plastic Shaving Bowl, in gift carton. Each 4/9.

L104—Mitcham Lavender Silk-sifted Talcum Powder. Tin 2/-



ML139—Gift Set for Men, containing Shaving Stick in glass container, Talcum for Men, and Lavender Liquid Brillantine. Each 6/3.



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TURTLE NECKS...

Three unusual styles by French designer Carven show high necklines for dinner and evening gowns.



● Figure-eight motif in silver braid emphasises the high neckline, and the same trimming is used at waist and on sleeves. This lovely gown is made of light grey mousseline.



● Silver and grey embroidery encrusts the yoke and high neck of this model in pearl-grey taffeta, which sweeps out into a wide tier from hip to knee over a floor-length tubular skirt.



● Turtle-neck black jersey is combined, at left, with a very full black-and-white striped skirt to make a sumptuous gown for dining.



till I tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!



Surprised?

You bet she was — didn't believe there could be a better tea till she tasted that rich, full-bodied Lipton flavour. Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. They find that Lipton's is better-tasting, more satisfying than the usual "flat" brews.

BRISK? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending. When you've tasted Lipton's satisfying flavour, "brisk" is the word you'll use.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk flavour—
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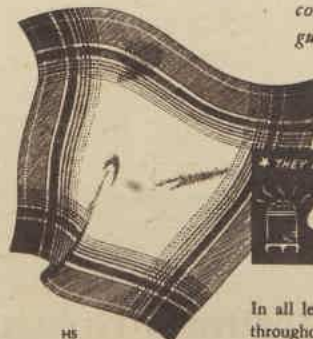
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Buy a Grafton men's hanky



2 You can soil it
and boil it
It always looks new.



3 Because of these
colours they're
guaranteed true.



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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

In all leading stores
throughout Australia.



Carol

Lordlings, listen to our lay—
We have come from far away
To seek Christmas;
In this Mansion we are told
He this yearly feast doth hold:
'Tis to-day!

*Translated from the Anglo-Saxon of
the earliest extant Christmas carol,
dating from the 13th century.*

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This Christmas, let the bearer of your greetings
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Crew are equal shareholders in their freighter



ENGINEER Arthur Goodrich, First Mate Lysie Lindsay, and a Sydney wharfe, Tom Doyle, at bow of freighter Viti, which is owned by her crew. They also own a former minesweeper, the Wakakura.

Donkeyman has most luxurious cabin on board

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

The freighter Viti, which called at Sydney recently from New Zealand, is an unusual ship. It is a co-operative business venture, for the crew of 14 are her owners.

From the captain, much tattooed Tony Barrett, to the steward, who goes by the nickname of Sinatra, the men are equal shareholders in the Tasman Shipping Company, which runs the Viti.

THE ship carries fish and general cargo from New Zealand and egg-pulp and citrus fruits on the return voyage.

Besides the crew, other shareholders are a youthful sea captain, who acts as the company's agent in New Zealand, an accountant, and a solicitor.

At company meetings the men all have an equal voice in decisions on policy, but while the Viti is at sea Captain Barrett and his officers are in complete control.

However, christian or nicknames are used by all the men when addressing each other, all make their own beds and tidy their cabins, and meals are taken together in the saloon.

I met the 14 members of the crew when a photographer and I spent a day on the Viti.

My host in Captain Barrett's absence during my first few hours on the Viti was Arthur Goodrich, chief engineer, who is a Londoner.

He introduced me on deck to handsome Keith Upton, the second engineer, Lysie Lindsay and Hoot Gibson, the first and second mates.

We went below and met Able Seaman Alec Boden, Jack Hassett, the cook, and Sinatra, who was busy setting the two tables in the saloon for lunch.

"The company is really the brain-child of Captain Clough Blair, our New Zealand agent, and Able Young, who serves on the Viti as an able seaman," Arthur told me.

"You see, Captain Blair is one of those smart, shrewd young men who can put over a business deal while we're still twisting our hats in our hands," interrupted cook Jack Hassett, in a rich Gaelic brogue.

"They got it interested, and early in 1947 we joined the company and bought the Wakakura, a minesweeper which had been an R.N.V.R. training ship," continued Arthur.

"We ran her between Australia and New Zealand for a year, carrying fish to Australia and egg-pulp and citrus fruit on the return journey."

The men heard through the waterfront grapevine that the Governor of Fiji's former yacht, Viti, was for sale, so they bought her from the Fijian Government.

The Viti is a "proper box of tricks," according to Arthur Goodrich.

"For a ship her size she has more gear than a 10,000 tonner," he said.



CAPTAIN Tony Barrett at the telegraph of the Viti. The most tattooed man on board, his arms carry a variety of designs, and he has butterflies on his ankles.



SECOND MATE Hoot Gibson adjusts the Viti's siren. Hoot has been at sea for 20 years, and was a P.O.W. of the Japanese. His real name is Robert.



FIJIAN Harry Works and Bob Misie clean one of main engine pistons. They are two of only four members of crew not part-owners of Viti.

"We had her refitted, and it took three and a half months, but she runs beautifully, and I'll guarantee her refrigeration equipment for fish cargo is as up-to-date as that of any ship in the Southern Hemisphere."

Because the cost of labor on the wharf was eating up their profits when they were running the Wakakura, the Sydney branch of the Waterside Workers' Union gave the crew permission to load and unload the ship themselves for six months.

The Viti is too large for the men to handle the cargo themselves, but they are enthusiastic about the service given them by the wharves.

At lunch we were joined by Andy Darling, Pat Day, and Johnny Crosby, who are donkeymen in the crew, Able Seamen Mick Ives and Blister Mitchell, and the four members of the crew who are not shareholders.

I admired the green-and-beige crisp linen covers on the lounges and chairs in the saloon, and the steward, Sinatra, told me they were the result of much careful "lifting."

"Any time people ask me to their homes I usually manage to come away with a cover or two off their chairs," he said.

Arthur hastened to inform me that Sinatra was joking. The covers were part of the Viti's original furnishings.

The Viti has hot and cold water throughout, and when the men bought her she had eight bath-rooms, two suites, six large cabins, and a messroom.

The accommodation at the after end, and the cabins, messroom, and two bath-rooms on the main deck have been converted into hold space.

Tall, good-looking bachelor Pat Day, one of the donkeymen, has the most comfortable sleeping quarters.

Before the crew left New Zealand on the first of the two trips they have made to Sydney in the Viti, they tossed for the three-quarter bed in the lady's stateroom. Pat won.

Pat, who hails from Auckland, has been round the world four times.

"Everything is running smoothly on the Viti, and we're paid the wages we would draw on any other ship," he said. "They're on a sliding scale, of course, according to the importance of our respective jobs."

The men realise it will be some time before they pay off the money they borrowed to float the company and buy their ships, but they are sanguine about the future.



ABLE-SEAMAN Alec Boden writes home to his wife. Viti brings fish and general cargo from New Zealand, returns with egg-pulp and citrus fruits. Built as a luxury yacht in Hongkong in 1940, the Viti has a displacement of 701 tons.



COOK Jack Hassett. His mother's family are all seafarers and his father's policeman. He went to sea at 14. Average age of Viti's crew is 34, and all served in the Merchant Navy during the war.

HOMES FOR OLD PEOPLE

A PRACTICAL attempt to provide comfort and companionship and the happiness of a useful life for old people has been made by the Housing Commission in N.S.W.

Last week thirty homes specially built for elderly couples were allocated for.

The homes, in blocks of three, are scattered among houses for young married couples with children.

These triplex homes are modern and comfortable, but small enough to keep household tasks at a minimum.

They give the old people privacy, but at the same time the tenants have neighbors of their own age.

They can also take part in the life of the community round them.

Rents will be related to income, as laid down in the Commonwealth-State Housing agreement, so that the homes will be within the means of pensioners.

The scheme, multiplied on a large enough scale, could banish for all old people the sad and lonely prospect of entering institutions.

For no institution, however pleasant, can replace the dignity and contentment of having a home of one's own.

This heartening prospect for the future comes at the happiest time of the year for old people—the time of family reunions, when they gather with the younger generation to live again the magic of Christmas in their own childhood, and the joys of their growing family when they themselves were young parents.

Flying Doctor home again

Brought toys to give to bush children

After spending eight months abroad, Dr. John Woods, Broken Hill Flying Doctor, is back on duty in his plane, affectionately known as the "Old Grey Mare."

ON board the plane when it takes off on its mercy flights for the next few weeks will be toys and books the doctor brought back for his 300 or so young patients in the area.

"I have to keep up my reputation as a doctor who brings children dolls and toys, not the doctor who takes them to hospital or gives them their diphtheria injections," he said.

During his ten years as the New South Wales Flying Doctor Dr. Woods and his weatherbeaten De Havilland Dragon plane have become a familiar sight over almost half a million square miles of territory round the borders of New South Wales, Queensland, and South Australia.

With the help of his nurse and his pilot, he has taken 90 mothers and babies, including two sets of twins, to isolated homesteads, 100 miles from the nearest neighbor, and has given advice over the pedal radio on everything from the treatment of measles and the setting of broken legs to the care of sick cows and horses.

The tremendous interest in Dr. Woods' work in England and America gave him a full programme and his time was further curtailed by his hurried return to Australia for the wedding of his daughter Betty, to Dr. Bill Kennedy, his 36-year-old deputy flying doctor.

In spite of this, he found time to buy gifts for his bush youngsters.

He brought a pile of inexpensive gifts for the boys because, although people donate a lot of dolls to the Service, the boys get overlooked a bit when it comes to toys.

While he was abroad Dr. Woods investigated methods of combating air sickness, as this is sometimes a serious factor in the transport of critically ill or injured patients.

Dr. Woods also studied latest methods of medical and surgical practice.

He was asked to advise the Department of the Interior in the U.S.A. on the possibility of a similar flying doctor service for Alaska and the American Indian reservations.

His report on aircraft he inspected abroad will be used by the N.S.W. section of the Flying Doctor Service in its drive to raise £50,000 for the Broken Hill Endowment Fund radio equipment, and a new ambulance plane which will cost £15,000.

He came to the conclusion that modern types of his "old grey mare" within the price range were still the best for the job.



DR. JOHN WOODS, N.S.W. Flying Doctor, who visits his patients by plane, and answers the health queries of outback families by pedal radio.

He is looking forward to the time when he gets a new plane, however, as he says the one now in use has been overhauled so much that it's not really any particular type of machine.

The Service receives subsidies totalling £2760 from the Federal and State Governments and the State Government also makes an allowance of £350 in addition, in return for the flying doctor acting as medical officer at Tibbooburra hospital.

Tall and lean Dr. Woods bears a faint resemblance to Australia's great-est airman, "Smitty." He was a young country doctor practising in the Riverina district when he first became interested in the Flying Doctor Service.

Mantle of safety

THE Service, begun by the pioneer of outback medicine, Rev. Dr. John Flynn, of the Australian Inland Mission, had then been going little more than ten years, with only a few bases besides Flynn's original one at Cloncurry, Queensland.

Now in Flynn's words, the Service is casting a mantle of safety over two-thirds of the continent.

The Broken Hill base now has its own flying nurse, at present Sister Myra Blanche, who accompanies Dr. Woods or travels round in a truck with a portable pedal wireless set.

The pedal radio, which Flynn first saw as a means of linking up settlers in the lonely inland areas, has now been adapted for the transmission of voices, and there is no longer any need for stockmen and settlers owning sets to learn the Morse code before they can operate one.

A little girl of six, named Christopher, recently put through a call to the base, under the direction of her sick mother.

Many of the calls that come through to the Broken Hill base are

for the transport of expectant mothers to hospital, and the "Old Grey Mare," with pilot Sel Woolcock, the doctor, and Sister Blanche, has to find a landing field, which may be anything from a football ground to a strip of roadway.

"We advise settlers to make 600-foot landing strips on their properties, but we've come down on as little as 200 feet in an emergency," Dr. Woods said.

Worst ordeal was a case near the Queensland border, where Cooper's Creek was in flood. Dr. Woods and Sister Blanche had to abandon the plane and tramp five miles through flood waters up to their knees before they could reach a boat to row them to the patient.

You get some idea of the great loneliness of the Australian outback when you hear Dr. Woods talk about the social aspect of a Flying Doctor's work.

"We try to make it Christmas Day all the year round in the outback, because nothing cheers a lonely family as much as the gift of a magazine or a toy for one of the children," he said.

"I've struck black kids of nine or ten in isolated camps who've never seen a rubber ball that bounces, and who were fascinated by the gift of an old tennis ball."

"I even found a white family on an outlying station 100 miles from anywhere where the youngsters had never seen money, and thought a two-shilling piece was a toy."

"They lived so far away from civilisation that the boys were paid in food and clothing, and the rest of their wages banked in the township. You can imagine it's quite an event in their lives when the Flying Doctor plane makes a call."

The Broken Hill district now has 115 pedal radio sets linking up the whole area with the base, and Dr. Woods never ignores the most trifling call for help.

Interesting People



SIR DAVID RIVETT

FURTHER honor for Australian science comes with the election of Sir David Rivett as world president of the Society of Chemical Research. Though three Canadians have occupied the office, this is the first time the post has been held by an Australian. The Society has been in existence for 67 years. Sir David, who lists gardening as his recreation, is Chairman of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.



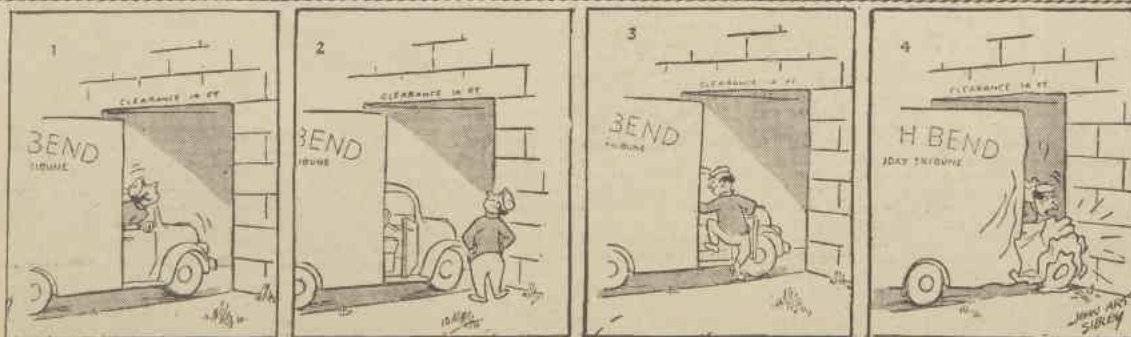
MISS MARJORIE COX

DEPUTY secretary to British Ministry of Pensions, alert, brown-eyed Miss M. Cox is here studying our pension scheme and matters relating to ex-Imperial war-pensioners. Job she holds is one of highest for women in Britain's public service. She has been with Ministry since 1916. Her special interest is the welfare of war orphans, whom she plans to visit here. To relax, Miss Cox plays golf, contract bridge, and makes austerity recipe cakes.



MR. JAMES TAIT

INHERITING his late mother's talent as a painter, Mr. James Tait, son of noted painter of miniatures Beth Norris, gave up job as B.B.C. engineer to become full-time artist. Visiting Australia for first time, he exhibited recently in Melbourne, sold more than half his canvases, had a septa drawing bought by the National Gallery. A disciple of the classic school, he will take a collection of Australian works back with him to London.



New mink coat for Evie when long run ends

She loves the good things stardom brings

When J. C. Williamson's musical comedy success, "Annie Get Your Gun," finishes its Australian run, leading lady Evie Hayes will celebrate her arrival as a star with a trip abroad and a new mink coat—her second.

By JOAN POWE,
staff reporter

American-born Evie, who appeared before Tivoli audiences as a singer of "pop" tunes in her husband Will Mahoney's comedy act a few years back, has been battling for success on the stage ever since she made her first appearance as a kewpie doll in a Christmas pantomime at the age of two.

SHE was, in turn, ingenue in a Hollywood short ("but they left my face on the cutting-room floor," she commented), a night-club singer in New York, "the female Bing Crosby" of an American radio show, and "young comer" in Will Mahoney's Palladium Show before the pair married and came to Australia in 1938.

"But I never had the slightest doubt that one day I'd be a musical comedy star," she says. "When the part of Annie came up, I just knew it was made for me, even though they were auditioning girls like Eddie Cantor's daughter and comedienne Martha Hays in America at the time.

"Then, when the telegram came from Talts asking me to go to Melbourne, where they were casting for the show, I knew this was it, and Mr. Mahoney agreed, even though it meant the first separation we'd had since our marriage."

Now, with "Annie Get Your Gun" in its second Australian year, and with the prospect of reaching its 1000th performance before it closes, Evie Hayes can afford to laugh at some of the gloom merchants of show business, particularly the Hollywood director who told her at the beginning of her career to have her nose remodelled.

"But I'm sorry for the girls who haven't made it," she said. "Back home, in Seattle, I had two dear girl friends, Peggy and Rita, and we all wanted success on the stage. I was the only one out of the three of us to become a star."

I interviewed Evie Hayes in the comfortable Point Piper flat in Sydney she shares with her mother, Mrs. Eva Hayes, and husband, Will Mahoney, who divides his time between Sydney and Brisbane, where he has the lease of the Cremorne Theatre.

We looked at Press cutting books, talked about the show, and discussed the question of whether becoming a star HAD changed Evie at all.

"Of course, coming from a family of show people, Evie learnt to sing and dance almost before she could walk," grey-haired, charming Mrs. Hayes recalled. "She had music in her. Even her dancing teacher said she was born for show business."

Got all the laughs

"I WAS only five when I started touring, wasn't I, Eva?" her daughter Evie recalled in her turn. "It was in the summer holidays, you know, and I was the baby of the team. But I had a very loud voice, and I used to get all the laughs."

"Of course she was still at school then," said Mrs. Hayes. "It was at the Seattle Holy Academy, and we really sent her to dancing school to give her grace. All the mothers did that. We didn't really have any thought of her going on the stage at that age."

But as Evie (christened Evelyn Hayes to start off with) grew older, her stage-manager father, George Hayes, who had married her mother straight out of a show at 17, realised there was talent in the family.



FRIENDLY neighbor, Tim, calls on Evie Hayes at her comfortable flat at Point Piper, Sydney.

At the age of eight she was doing impersonations of Harry Lauder, Charlie Chaplin, and Maurice Chevalier at 12 she had been touring for five years in the holidays in dancing musicals, and when the time came to leave school she had set her heart on Hollywood.

"I had rather a quick fly in Hollywood, to my father's joy, because he had set his heart on a stage career for me," Evie said.

"I was a tall girl for my age when I hit Hollywood, and very ballet-minded, parting my hair in the middle and wearing it in a bun at the nape of the neck. I looked a lot older than 16."

Still Evelyn Hayes at this stage, she was given a six months' contract, and underwent grooming with five other ingenues, among whom were Betty Grable and retired actress Ann Dvorak.

"We were shown how to enter a room, and taught to walk with a book on our heads, and things like that," Evie said. "After my small part in M.G.M.'s 'Madam Satan' got cut out, one of the directors told me I'd never get anywhere because of the shape of my nose."

"My father talked me out of having any remodelling done. He said, 'Evie, my girl, Fanny Brice and Bea Lillie both have noses, so have you,



FIVE-YEAR-OLD Evie, as she appeared when she was a member of a touring company.

You hang on to that nose. You're a comedienne, and you keep it the way it is."

Evie Hayes smiled reminiscently. "Dad was one of the first to congratulate me from America when I was selected for the Australian Annie in the show," she said.

After Hollywood, she toured with vaudeville for some years, doing



HAT TRY-OUT fascinates Evie Hayes, who loves glamor clothes. Her mother, Mrs. Eva Hayes, assists and advises her.

her to sing the number, come to London as his leading lady in a new show, and marry him shortly after the show started.

He was also responsible for her expert marksmanship in "Annie Get Your Gun," giving her shooting lessons with clay pigeons.

"Make sure you say clay pigeons," she said. "I've had trouble with that one before."

Evie Hayes doesn't think there'll be any trouble about two comedians in the Mahoney household, even though, since "Annie Get Your Gun" started, she has switched from calling her husband "Will" or "Mr. Mahoney" to "Annie's Little Manne."

Famous last line

"HE has millions of superstitions," she says. "He won't allow peacocks in the theatre, or have Tosti's 'Good-bye' sung in any performance. He even refused to let me rehearse the last line of the show until the opening performance."

Last line of "Annie Get Your Gun" is Annie's famous admission, "But if you hadn't have done it, I'd have shot you right in the belly button."

"I never did know how that line would sound until the show started," Evie Hayes admits.

Since the show opened in Melbourne in June, 1941, Evie Hayes has played to packed houses in four States, has an Evie Hayes fan club in Melbourne, and recently met her No. 1 fan, Melbourne typist Shirley Marshall, who has seen "Annie Get Your Gun" 103 times.

"Since then she's come to Sydney for her fortnight's annual holiday so she can see the show another six or eight times," Evie said.

Now that she has become a star, Evie feels she can indulge her taste for "good, glamorous clothes and good food."

"I think that furs are my favorite possession," she said, opening the door of her wardrobe. "I have this elegant pearl fox Mr. Mahoney gave me, a set of 12 kolinks, and this mink I bought 12 years ago. But I'm having a new one as soon as the show finishes."

Besides furs, she also likes Molyneux and Dior gowns, sequined evening frocks, and Guerlain Shalimar French perfume.

"Anything that's good and has class," she says.

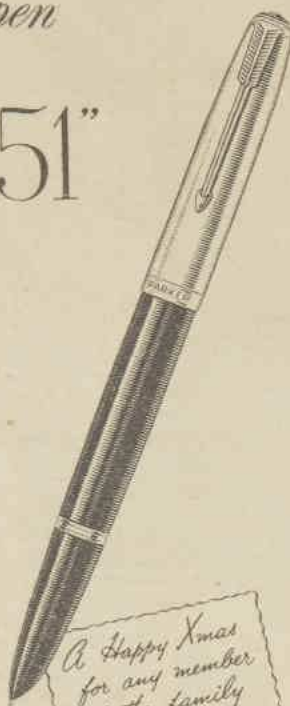
"She's always been like that," her mother adds. "Ever since she was a little girl."

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U.S. 47

ALFRED



Defiant Lady

Continued from page 4

HALEY leaned over the hedge. "How would you like to make one thousand dollars cash in just one single day?"

"Well," said Dobson. "I'd like that."

"Have you got any money at all saved?" Haley whispered to Drusilla. "About a thousand."

They nodded and turned back to Dobson. "I'll tell you what we're prepared to do. We'll offer you—"

"Back off a second," Grierson said.

Haley whirled on him. "Will you keep your big—"

Grierson pushed him aside. "Dobson," he said thoughtfully. "That's a nice name. And you take a nice picture too. What was it last time. Passing valueless cheques or conspiracy or petty theft?"

Dobson dropped the nose. It squirmed around and spewed water on his slippers, but he didn't seem to care.

"Let's have some quick answers," said Grierson. "All of them true. Do you own this cottage?"

"No," said Dobson.

"You're just an agent for the owner, eh? Well if you can sell it for thirteen thousand, you can sell it for less, can't you?"

"Yes," said Dobson.

Malden O'Brien popped out of the front door of the cottage. "Oh, no, you can't! What on earth is the matter with you, Dobson?"

"This guy is a flatie," Dobson said. "If you think I'm going to pull a snaker with a fly-cop looking down my gullet, you're even dumber than you act. Good-bye, all. Happy days."

He walked off through the gate and down the street, his carpet slippers flapping noisily.

"Well, well," said Malden O'Brien amiably. "Can you imagine that? Silly chap, isn't he? Now about this offer of thirteen thousand—"

"Not so fast," said Grierson. "Take a look at this." He was holding a leather folder cupped in his hand.

O'Brien smiled suavely. "Very interesting, I'm sure," he said. "But this was just a little subterfuge I dreamed up to induce competitive bidding in a business deal, and it is in no way within your authority to—"

Grierson said. "When you were waiting in Haley's room, did you notice the brief case on the bureau?"

"No," said O'Brien.

"That's peculiar," Grierson said. "It has your fingerprints on it. And not only on it but also on the documents inside it."

"Well, of course," said O'Brien carelessly. "I might have just casually glanced— Whoa, now! Do those documents refer to Haley's work out at the Institute?"

"They do," said Grierson.

"Oh," said O'Brien. "I didn't think— They didn't look to me— Now, listen! You're surely not accusing me of being a— a subversive element. I'm not a spy! I'm an honest, one hundred per cent. American! You've got to believe that!"

"Oh, I believe it," Grierson said. "I'm just wondering, in view of your reputation, whether or not the Federal grand jury is going to."

"Ugh!" said O'Brien breathlessly. "Oh, you can't do that to me—"

Grierson turned to Haley and Drusilla. "How much do you want to pay for the house? T. dollars?"

Drusilla fought a hard but losing battle with her conscience. "N-no," she said at last. "No. At present prices it's worth at least five thousand."

"Five thousand!" O'Brien babbled. "Why certainly. Fine offer. Glad to sell. Here's the deed. Take it, take it. Evidence of good faith. Arrangements later. Bank payments. Good-bye."

He ducked out the gate and ran.

"I don't leave important documents in my room," Haley said to Grierson. "And you can put your phony cowboy accent back on now. You didn't think you were fooling me with your hotel-detective act, did you?"

"Wasn't tryin' to fool you," Grierson drawled. "Just tryin' to fool anybody that suddenly wanted to get friendly with you."

Drusilla jerked at Haley's arm. "Who is he? What is he?"

"Department of Justice," Haley said in a bored tone. "F.B.I."

"F.B.I.," Drusilla said, counting it out mentally. "And he follows you around. And you've just started to work out at the Institute. Oh, oh! They're building a great big atom thing out there—a smasher or chaser or something! And they've hired the greatest authority in the world to— Oh-h-h! Are you—"

"Don't get any ideas. I'm only his sixth assistant. All I do is—"

"Don't tell her what you do," Grierson said.

"Shut up— I don't do anything that—"

"Don't tell her what you don't do," Grierson said.

"Why are you so officiously stupid?" Haley yelled at him. "I suppose I can't even ask her to have dinner with me, so we can discuss the financing of our house?"

"That's permitted," Grierson said.

"Will you have dinner with me?" Haley asked.

"What," said Drusilla. "Oh, yes, but you two sort of go around corners too fast."

"Pay no attention to this character," Haley said. "Ignore him."

"Got a cigarette?" Grierson asked.

Haley gave him one. "I suppose you think you're going to live in our house?"

"No," said Grierson. "I don't think so. I know it. Besides, the Department of Justice comes in handy now and again. Who got this house for you, anyway?"

"All right," said Haley. "But if you live here, you're going to start buying your own cigarettes."

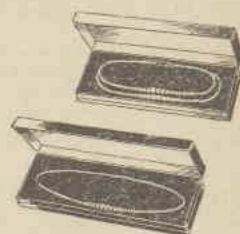
"It's a deal," said Grierson. "Got a match?"

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"But I don't know anything about sitting!"

It seems to me ...

CHRISTMAS shopping is working up into its usual wild crescendo, and the annual crop of schoolboys and girls are earning holiday money behind the counters.

What they lack in knowledge of stock—and that's plenty—they make up for by their cheerful manners. Working for a living is still a novelty to them, and coping with customers hasn't yet dampened their spirits.

My Christmas shopping would be done a whole lot quicker if it were not for the toy departments, in which I spend a great deal of time under the pretext of looking for presents for nephews, but in reality to gratify my passion for mechanical trains and tricycles.

Such tricks as they have nowadays! One model with a luggage-carrier is nearly large enough to suit me for Saturday morning shopping. With tramfares as they are it mightn't be such a bad idea, either.

For parents the toy department must be a considerable worry. All the most desirable things are so expensive, and the children are often over-excited and bemused.

But, if an adult hasn't heavy responsibilities in playing Santa Claus, watching the model trains is a pleasant way to recover from the battle at the perfumery counter.

They're as soothing as goldfish

PEOPLE are said to be buying fewer but more expensive presents this year.

Very likely. I don't see how they can help buying more expensive presents as so many articles are dearer. Possibly there has never been a Christmas when the stores had so many desirable things in them, and it seems a long time since those wartime Christmases when the inclusion of a packet of bobby pins in a parcel could bring cries of delight.

This year there are masses of delightful presents to be bought, but the prices soon take the smiles off the shoppers' faces.

YOU wouldn't expect to find a Christmas thought in the news that British scientists are discussing rocket stations 22,000 miles above the earth, but it's wonderful what you can do when you try.

A rocket expert says that if a rocket could reach a speed of 6500 m.p.h., at that height gravitation would be balanced.

That is, an engineer could get out of the rocket and stand on air. He wouldn't fall down. Prefabricated parts for an observation building could be dumped out of the rocket and they wouldn't fall down either.

And the Christmas thought? But, of course, that explains how Santa Claus' reindeer run round in the sky, a problem that worried me once upon a time.

Next question, children, please

SURPRISED to read that thousands of mutton birds are made into "Tasmanian Squab in Aspic." I looked up squab in the dictionary.

Squab means not only a pigeon, but a short, fat person, a stuffed cushion, or an ottoman.

So I suppose there's no harm in stretching it to mean mutton bird, too.

FOR years shops have shown their new season's clothes well in advance of the temperature.

We're accustomed to seeing autumn clothes in the shop windows in February. But I found it rather disturbing to receive an advertisement for next autumn's clothes from a Sydney store early in December.

If the previews got pushed much further ahead they'll be selling next summer's clothes this summer, which will put us right back where we started.

By



Dorothy Drain

WHEN the United States Department of Labor announced that husbands spend more on clothes than their wives it started an argument that reverberated round the English-speaking world.

Many a wife has been going round ever since with a thoughtful glint in her eye, doing little sums in her head. Husbands dare not broach the subject of new socks, for they suspect that their expenses are being carefully noted.

Women have been regarded for so long as the ones whose adornment and covering slays the pay envelope that most have never thought to check up.

I doubt that statistics could be produced to prove the same case in Australia, but who cares? My main interest in the subject is its usefulness as a conversational gambit.

Should the guests start to talk politics at your Christmas party, trot out this argument about comparative clothes costs.

In no time every husband and wife in the room will be producing pencil and paper and flinging figures at each other. It will produce no end of domestic strife, but so can politics.

FRAU WAGNER, who was a close friend of Hitler, told a Denazification Court that Hitler was a frustrated opera singer.

Parents whose children are about to choose their careers should take note. A bad baritone is better than a dictator.

AMETHODIST minister officiating at his daughter's marriage recently in London omitted the words: "Who giveth this woman ...", because, he said, the question is out of date.

He is probably right in holding that the giving away ceremony belongs to the times when a woman was considered her father's property until marriage.

But I never heard of a bride who objected to that part of the ceremony. The girls don't begrudge father his brief limelight. As the breadwinner while his children are young, he deserves some small reward.

The word "obey," referring as it does to the young lady's future, and not her past, has always been the controversial point.

I once knew a girl who suddenly decided in the middle of the marriage ceremony that she wouldn't say "obey." She hadn't discussed the change before; the clergyman insisted that she say it, and eventually she capitulated.

I understand that the incident was rather unnerving for all present, especially the bridegroom.

THE Whaling Bill, which has been before the Federal House of Representatives, provides that the minimum length of blue whales to be caught must be 70 feet.

"Why are you blue, Mamma?"

Cried the baby whale.

"My child, it's the size you are

From head to tail.

Sixty-nine feet and an inch!

It makes me quake—

They'll be winding you in on a winch

For whale-meat steak,

And I cannot help but fret.

For whalers, my treasure,

Are only too apt to forget

To bring a tape-measure."



THE house THAT YOU BUILT

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THE PRIDE OF THE KITCHEN

And no wonder it's the pride of the kitchen. Not only does the mirror-like finish of this aluminium kitchenware thrill the homelover, but it has so many other features as well. SPECIAL EASY GRIP heat-resisting handles, shaped to fit the hand, prevent danger of slipping fingers. The domed lid provides extra capacity, and, built without crevices, allows easy cleaning. All Raco products are fully guaranteed.

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NEWLYWEDS. Dr. and Mrs. Bill Kennedy commence their "thank you" notes to friends during honeymoon spent at Australia Hotel. Betty is daughter of Flying Doctor John Woods and Mrs. Woods, of Broken Hill.



WED AT COBBITTY. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Inglis cut wedding cake at bride's home, Denbigh, Nurellan, after marriage at St. Paul's. Bride formerly Lorna McIntosh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McIntosh.



DURING LUNCHEON break at conference of Economic Commission for Asia and Far East at Lapstone, leader of Australian delegation, Dr. H. C. Coombs, talks with wife of American Ambassador, Mrs. Myron M. Cowen, and her daughter Sandra.



JUST ENGAGED. Jeanette Poate (third from left), whose engagement to Gordon King has just been announced, has celebration lunch at Prince's with sister-in-law, Mrs. Bob Poate, Mrs. Alfred Saunders, and her sister, Mrs. Neville Hoddin.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Ian Carter leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, on arm of her husband, with their attendants, John Godwin, Stephen Mayne, Mrs. Alan Woods, and Tim Wisdom. Bride formerly Shirley Wynn Roberts, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Roberts.



AT FIRST MATCH. English women cricketers Betty Birch (left) and Cecilia Robinson (right), with their manager, Natta Rheinberg, at Sydney Cricket Ground when they played New South Wales women cricketers.



AT PRINCE'S. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Jenour dine at Prince's after cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland, of Darling Point. Mrs. Jenour, before recent wedding in England, was Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones.



PAQUIN MODEL in pearl-tinted satin for Margaret Angus, of Hill River station, Clare, South Australia, when she marries former Rhodes Scholar Alan Hamer, of Melbourne, at St. Barnabas Church, Clare. Margaret is first woman at Sydney University to receive degree in aeronautical engineering; Alan is a chemical engineer.

SURPRISE wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, when Pat Leach marries Peter Britz. Pat wears lovely Pierre Balmain model gown with long-sleeved jacket beaded with pearls and touches of gold beads. Joan Anne King is bridesmaid and Alfred Saunders attends Peter. Pat is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Leach, of Rose Bay, and Peter is son of Mrs. Leonard Dowling, of Woollahra, and of the late Mr. Peter Britz. Reception is held at Ranchiff, Woollahra, and couple will leave in Oracles on January 29 for honeymoon in England and the Continent.

FAMILY Christmas party at Camden Park for Brigadier Sir Reginald Stanham and Lady Stanham, the former Helen Macarthur Onslow, who recently arrived back in Australia to make their home at Camden Park. It will be the first Australian Christmas for Sir Reginald and Lady Stanham's son and daughter-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Quentin Stanham, and their eight-and-a-half-month-old son, Mark James. Lots of welcome home parties being given for the Stanham family and they are in Sydney quite a bit.

AFTER two years' holiday in England, attractive Margaret Fair-Jones, of Beauty Point, arrives home and few days later packs up once more to go off to country to attend her cousin, Joan Brooker, at her marriage to Robert Clydsdale. Wedding is to take place at Rouchel Presbyterian Church this Wednesday. Joan is only daughter of Mrs. Brooker, of "Crofton," Upper Rouchel, and the late Mr. J. A. Brooker. Robert is second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clydsdale, of "Mackathalro," Rouchel Brook. His brother Alan will be best man.

LOVELY gown of ivory lace mounted on sheer is chosen by Marjorie Hoskins, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Hoskins, of Invergowrie, Exeter, for her marriage with Jock Pagan. Marjorie's sister, Mrs. Robert Taylor, chooses figured white organdie mounted on lime-green with large white picture hat for her matron of honor's gown. Three little nieces of the bride, Mary, Diana, and Robin Hoskins, take role of flower girls, and Richard Hoskins, a nephew of Marjorie's, is elected as page boy. Dr. Monte Hicks is best man to bridegroom, who is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Pagan, of Hay and Vauchuse.

Jock and Marjorie will fly to Fiji for their honeymoon and make future home in Sydney.

LOTS of welcome-home parties for the two lovely Margarets, Margaret Jenour, formerly Maggie Fielding Jones, and Margaret Hodgson, the former Margaret Honey, who both arrive in Sydney to spend Christmas with their families. Ruth and Ernest Watt's party at their Point Piper home gives their friends opportunity of meeting them.

BRIEFLY: Twenty-first birthday party given by Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Tindle for their daughter, Eunice, at Federation Hall, Phillip Street. Just back by flying boat from ten months' visit to England, Mrs. Frank Weir, of Berlanga, Yana, lunches at Romano's with her husband and two daughters, Katie Galbraith and Pauline Weir. Mrs. Weir was visiting her mother, Mrs. George Collett, of Buxton, Derbyshire. Nice resture when Pat Glass comes hurrying into Prince's with raincoat and umbrella for her mother, Mrs. Jack Glass, when heavy downpour of rain looks like ruining lovely American frock.

SYDNEY guests invited to wedding in Canberra of Lois Bird, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bird, of Canberra, and Morris Adamson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Adamson, of Canberra. Ceremony is performed by Archdeacon Robertson at St. John's Church of England.

Among Sydney guests who attend are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vautin, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Armistead.

Joyce

WORTH Reporting

HOME sewing classes in America have reached boom proportions. Because of high cost of ready-made clothing, and because sewing machines are on the market again, more women and girls are making their own clothes than ever before.

Sylvia Porter, writing in the New York Post, states that 52 per cent. of housewives make clothing or household items.

A survey showed that 70 per cent. of the women making their own clothes do so to save money. Many, because of high costs of food and items other than clothes, have less to spend on clothes than they did a year ago.

The North American branch of the International Wool Secretariat intends to produce films for television which will teach sewing of woollen dresses.

The films will be devoted to tricks such as how to sew a lapel so that it lies flat, how to make tiers, or to make patch pockets.

In Australia, too, more women are learning dressmaking than before.

In Sydney, where a sewing machine firm started classes after the war, pupils include wives of professional men, as well as wives of basic-wage earners. The former say they can no longer afford the high cost of buying ready-made clothes or having them made to order.

At an old-established school of dressmaking we were told that more and more business girls were joining night classes and learning to make their own clothes.

From Inigo Jones

AMONG the people who wrote to us expressing interest in the life story of Mrs. Kasenkina, which we published recently, was Mr. Inigo Jones, the well-known weather prophet, from Croydon, Queensland.

He writes: "This Russian question seems a very vexed one and interests me very much."

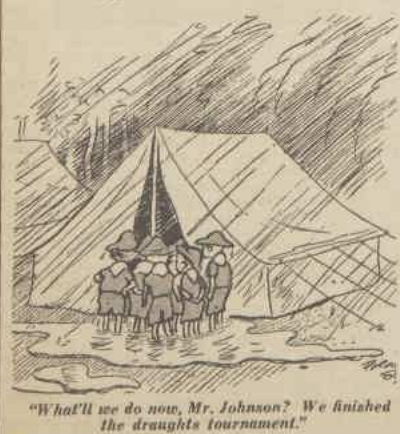
"As you may know, I am a vice-president of the Australian Russian Society, which has been accused of Communist propaganda, although that was certainly not in any way the aim when founded."

"As far as I am concerned, it has never been conceived as anything but an attempt to study the culture of Russia, with its possibilities of help for our own problems and a wish to preserve peace at all times."

"I accepted the office because one of my ancestors was asked by Peter the Great to go to Russia to assist him in the founding of the University of St. Petersburg, where he married a noble Russian lady, but was soon after drowned in the Neva."

"I was asked to stand as president, but as I could not attend the meetings, had to decline. Moreover, such things are somewhat out of my sphere, except that I like to know what everyone thinks and what their aims are."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



The Australian Women's Weekly—December 18, 1948



"I shot an arrow into the air, it fell to earth I know not where..."

HORRORS OF CIVILISATION—

A girl friend of ours rang a man at another city office the other day. While they were talking a voice broke in. It was his wife ringing our girl friend. Happens all three are on the best of terms, but it just shows...

Testing aquarium

ATINY fish worth 2/- was swimming happily around a small glass tank in the children's amusement caves at Mark Foy's, Sydney, one day recently.

He would have been less happy, no doubt, had he known he was being used to test the water in the tank, to make sure it was quite purified, before fish costing £10 a pair were put in it.

Members of the Aquarium Society of New South Wales were lending gorgeous fish as part of the under-the-sea show staged by the store for children at Christmas.

But they were not going to risk loss from suffocation of such prize specimens as Siamese fighters, blue saxmines, swordtails, ray barb, teleostic moors, fantails, and calicoes.

They had brought from their own aquariums sea plants, which purify the water and prevent the fish from suffocating. Judging by the "test fish" we saw, the plants had done their job.

These tanks of tropical and gold fish are interspersed between huge glittering caves, representing such scenes as Neptune's palace, Dr. Cod's rest home, and Neptune's daughter's wedding, peopled with lifelike plastic fish and mermaids.

Children help others

FROM Broome, in the far north of Western Australia, we have a letter from Mrs. G. Loughran telling of the fine effort made for the starving children of Europe by native and half-caste children at a little convent school.

"Two nuns from the Order of St. John of God have a school of 98 half-caste and native children," she writes, "and decided they would assist Broome's effort for the United Nations' Appeal for Children."

"There were only four days left, so Sister Mary Raymond suggested a queen competition among the pupils, who include children of Malay and Filipino extraction."

"Janet Rajah, aged 11, won, raising £22/13/-, with Louisa Torres and Jean Nicholas, both 11 years, second and third."

"A silver coin collection at an afternoon 'sing song' to announce the winner raised £8. In four days the children raised a total of £56/3/8, which I think wonderful."

Epicures

TWELVE food connoisseurs in Melbourne banded themselves into the Fellowship of Epicures a few months ago.

They include business men, a town clerk, a well-known artist, a psychiatrist, a musician, and a brewer.

At their monthly dinners held in different well-known dining-rooms, they allot points to the chef, his assistant-cooks, and waiters who serve the meal. At the end of the Epicures' tour of "dining out" they will present trophies to "competitors" who top the list in each field.

They choose a five-course menu and judge on quality, originality, and service.

One waiter recently impressed Epicures fellow-waiters, and other diners by digging deep into tradition and wearing white cotton gloves.

Head waiters usually report that other patrons ask for dishes which they see being served to the Epicures. This pleases the members, who are keen to widen general appreciation of interesting food.

"There are tremendous opportunities for cooks," says Food Master of the Fellowship, Mr. J. A. Nancarrow.

"Young graduates of the William Angliss Technical Trade School, run by the Education Department in Melbourne, can walk straight into jobs at over £500 a year as cooks."

"First-rate chefs can easily command up to £1500 a year."

The monthly outings of the Fellowship of Epicures are a busman's holiday for Mr. Nancarrow.

He is Catering Adviser to the Licensed Victuallers' Association in Victoria.

He spends a lot of time out of town teaching cooks and wives of licensees of country hotels how to run hotel kitchens. At his city office he draws up everyday menus with recipes for country hotels in Victoria.

Mr. Nancarrow's job is a service provided free to hotelkeepers by the L.V.A. in Victoria.

Off duty, Mr. Nancarrow makes a hobby of food and cooking. He and his wife buy their meat a fortnight before it is to be cooked to allow it to "age" in the refrigerator.

Meat must age, he insists. He is also emphatic that even in small homes housewives should buy meat in large sections on the bone, cutting off as needed for each meal.

Poem of a hat

MISS NORA KELLY, well-known Sydney journalist, admired a hat worn by a friend at luncheon the other day—a hat trimmed with pale blue feathers on the brim.

"I'll write you a poem about it," she said, took out paper and pen, and did so.

Here it is:

"Clarice's hat caught a drift of feather,
Tossed by a cherub from heaven's wall;
They were clippings from his wide blue wings
And he laughed to see them fall.
They fell through cloud, they fell through clear,
Through moonbeam and through starry rings;
They heaped their magic on the brim
And Clarice wears it, now and here!"

Hiring a wardrobe

MOSS BROTHERS, the famous clothes-hire service firm in London, find that more and more women are hiring clothes for special occasions.

The firm have been long celebrated as the source of morning suits for many men to wear to Royal garden parties, dress suits, evening top-coats, and top hats.

Now because of clothes rationing in England, women hire not only wedding gowns, but even complete outfits for a week-end country house party.

Country week-end outfits consist of tweed suit, matching top-coat, a simple long-sleeved dinner or cocktail frock, and an evening gown. Prices vary according to models chosen, but the average cost for the outfit is eight or nine guineas.



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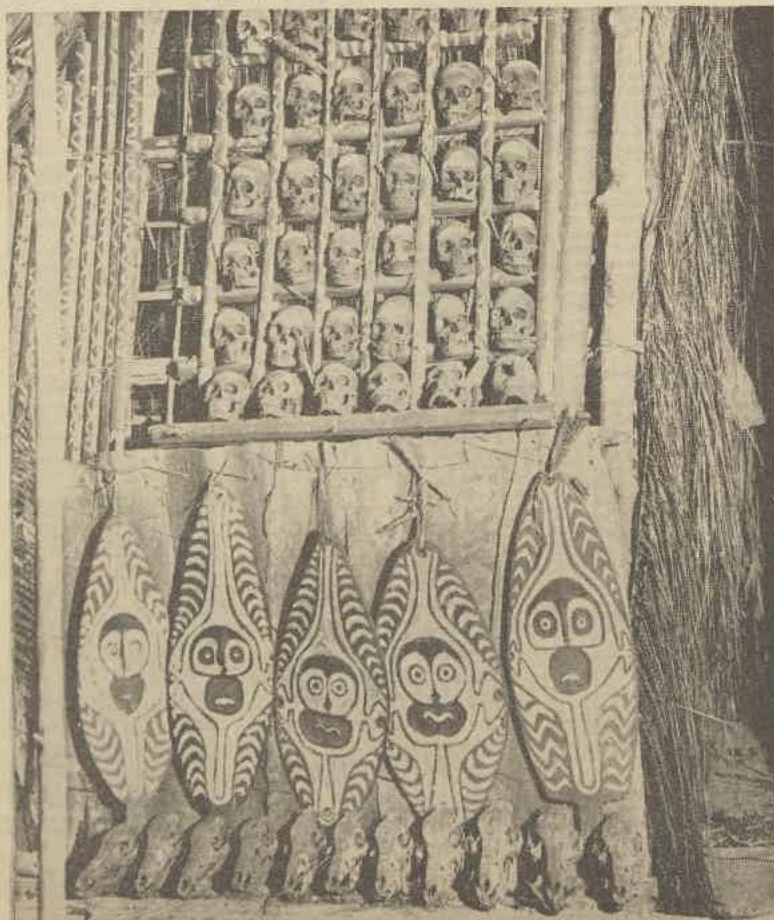
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PHOTOGRAPHER FRANK HURLEY IS GOING



THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES. This photograph of penguin family life in Antarctica was selected by Pole-explorer Frank Hurley, who says, "I think this is one of the most amusing and human pictures I have taken in my whole career."



HIS FAVORITE INTERIOR. Tribe inhabiting this New Guinea communal house practise ancestor worship. Skull rack holds heads of dead relatives.

He bought his first box camera at 1/- a week

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Having been to the South Pole five times, Frank Hurley is, at the age of 58, preparing for his first expedition round Australia, his native land.

THIS dynamic, world-famous photographer-explorer-writer, whose earlier adventures have enthralled stay-at-home Australians, will make a book from the color photographs he takes on this trip.

In his exciting life Frank Hurley has: Gone to the South Pole four times with Sir Douglas Mawson, and once with Shackleton. Been official war photographer in France, Flanders, and Palestine during World War I. Explored New Guinea and Central Australia. Been official war photographer in the Middle East during World War II. Produced and directed films there for the British Government.

He has won the O.B.E., Polar Service Medal and two bars. His book, "Shackleton's Argonauts," recently won the children's book competition conducted by the Australian Book Society.

He is intimately acquainted with Giubb Pasha, leader of the Arab Legion—they exchange letters nearly every two months; the Shah of Persia; youthful King Faisal of Iraq; and was a friend of the late Lawrence of Arabia.

Once he bought an aircraft and started to fly to England—wearing, for a bet, a bowler hat.

To show that anyone could make a camera if he wanted to, at the South Pole he once made one of seal meat, with ice for lens, and actually took a picture with it.

Like most colorful, dominating figures of twentieth century life, Hurley started out early, poor and alone.



FRANK HURLEY, who selected the pictures reproduced on these pages as among his best, excluding his war pictures.

"I left home at thirteen," he told me, "and got a job in the Lithgow rolling mills. It was the greatest training on earth, to start with nothing and work with men who were hard but had plenty of heart."

"It was work, work, work," he continued. "With hands by day, head by night. But if I had it all over again I wouldn't ask for anything better."

After the day's work in the mills he studied courses in physics, fitting and turning, mechanical drawing (he thought then he might be an artist or an engineer), English and electrical engineering.

"My first camera was a box type, second-hand for 15/-. It opened up a new world. I paid it off at a shilling a week," to-day's Frank



THE GROTTA OF THE MAN Bethlehem. Hurley thinks this taken

Hurley told me

"I found the graphs I could as well as have was the ideal sort of boy I was a miracle."

To Frank Hurley never lost that Everything a rugged, masculine But there's a complete lack

Now in his curiously gentle manners there the swashbuckler Frank Hurley, other age you have been a p full highwayman

Not because side the law to exciting, colorful special brand

A domestic doesn't appear adventure-hungry

Arriving back first Mawson found World on for two re ing anything a week to ce an official ph

In France Hurley "ran f had his own graphic war lieve that the by security really meant

In World photographer Hurley, by t than most m the same traw His youth the picture

EXPLORING AGAIN



"ANGER," where Jesus was born, the underground cavern in the Church of the Nativity, this his most peaceful picture, most difficult. It is part of the only cinema film ever taken there, for which special half-mile-long cables had to be laid.



"DISCOVERY," the famous ship that originally went south with Scott's first expedition, journeyed south twice again with Mawson. "I selected this as breathing the spirit of adventure," Hurley says. The picture was taken just as "Discovery" was about to enter the ice pack of the Weddell Sea.

me. "Even that meant that in taking photographs I had to make use of my hands as an artistic outlet. It was a combination of the two. A camera seemed to me a magic quality."

Hurley a camera has a certain magic quality. It is about Frank Hurley is a man of character, very real charm, too, and a lack of conceit.

He is late fifties, for all his gentle voice and charming manner still something of a risk-taking adventurer about him. If he'd lived in another age he might have been a pirate chief, a successful man.

But he'd want to be out there because it would be a test of self-reliance and a test of leadership.

He is, of course, a future leader, safe future.

He is still fit and hungry Frank Hurley.

Back in London after the expedition, Hurley was War I had been going on without his knowledge about it. It took him a long time to get himself accepted as a photographer.

He is a keen, dare-devil, young man, a soul of the brass. He has ideas about getting pictures, couldn't be given directions given him by other officers were to be carried out.

War II, as official photographer with the A.I.F., Frank Hurley, then considerably older, in uniform, caused a stir. His enthusiasm to get to the front frequently

finding himself ahead of the advance.

In the Middle East he broke his right arm. He went on taking films by working his camera with a foot treadle.

He was amazed that anyone should consider such a detail worth writing about. "I was only doing my job," he protested. "It was quite ordinary."

This urbane, distinguished man, who has spent more time living out of houses than in them, sees nothing unusual about living with native tribes in whatever country he happens to find himself, eating their food, exposing himself to every degree of heat, cold, and discomfort.

Despite his well-tailored appearance in civilization, Hurley isn't the sort of explorer who believes in dressing for dinner on expeditions.

But he thinks it's a courtesy to the people he's likely to meet—colored or white—to always appear as well dressed as conditions allow.

When it seems a gracious gesture to wear foreign clothes, he wears them. Talking to him you can tell that for anything new, exciting, and adventurous to happen and he not be in on it has always been unthinkable to Frank Hurley.

Hurley made a lot of friends in the Middle East—he went for one year, stayed six and a half. He liked indiscriminately Arabs, Bedouins, and Egyptians. They liked him.

He has a charming wife, a former opera singer of French-Spanish descent whom he met in Cairo during World War I.

They have three pretty daughters, one of them also a photographer, and a son who is an engineer.

Frank Hurley never goes to see a picture once he has made it. "It's in the past," he says. "I'm interested in the future."



COMBINED CLUB, PARLIAMENT, AND CATHEDRAL on Gulf of Papua is one of most unusual and interesting subjects Hurley ever photographed. No women are admitted, only men who want to live in seclusion away from wives, children, and village worries.



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ABOVE the black roof of the swamp was now the crashing roar of great rain, blue fire of lightning, crash of thunder and greater rain. The little house of the tarp and the net seemed very small with the miles of rain pressing it in.

Sixteen-year-old Lillom tucked her blanket more closely about her in the darkness as her fingers touched the crocheted d'oyley in which the heron feather was folded. The d'oyley stood for the filling of a great hunger. But the heron feather symbolised the first full knowledge of cruelty and death.

"We take gifts from no one," her grandfather had said genially to the young man who had come to see them, and then came many times. "If we didn't need 'em, we could. As we do need 'em, we can't." He looked his eye.

"We'll hear no more of your sending Lillom to school or of your snaking round to do this, that, and t'other! And since you're young and the type that might not let there be unexpected legacies or money willed from old friends! My friends were lucky if they died with their feet on the ground and all of 'em died broke."

But actually their life was much easier for, by incredible good fortune, Captain Svenson had settled on a little reef, a stone's throw to the west, and before his stubborn Scandinavian strength the menace of the swamps receded from them.

Her grandfather said that Captain Svenson's theories of hurricane strategy were those of a babe, and Captain Svenson said that her grandfather's views on gales off the Horn would sink any ship afloat, and the old men helped each other and were very happy.

When the young man finally went into the cold unknown that was the north and thence across the cold seas to Europe, she could always go to the north-eastern end of the reef in order to be closer to him, and the years until she would be sixteen were hardly long enough for all that she must learn if he was to be proud of her.

And then, in sailing beyond the previous range of her voyaging as she hunted for coco plums for preserves, she had made the marvellous discovery. On a farther reef was a cottage with a tall Negro woman standing at its door.

When she got home again she was so excited that she spilled the plums on the coral.

"Granddaddy, there's a woman living to the south! Her name's Violet Smith! She's very nice! She showed me how to bake a real cake! She has a real goat! She gave me a d'oyley!"

"Black woman or white?" her grandfather asked. "Not that that matters. But seems I've heard of Violet before." His voice went off into its remembering rumble. "Seems I certainly have!"

Lillom stood with the registered plums, her face a question. "Not—not bad?"

"Well, let's say more questionable." He looked at the radiance dying in her face. "Nice to you, eh?"

"Nice, granddaddy! So nice!"

"Then don't let it bother you! Never did hold with heavin the first stone. We'll see if you can't take her as she is, child! I'll just have a chat with her, and likely you can have your new friend."

"I can go again? A woman, granddaddy! Think! She can teach me all the woman things! She promised to teach me how to make lace, granddaddy! And perhaps a real dress!"

"God forgive me if I did wrong in bringing you here!" he said.

She said: "No one is so happy as me!"

Her visits with Violet were wonderful and femininely companionable things.

While Violet's garden rioted with red rain peas and galliardias and pink and lilac periwinkles, no garden on earth had bloomed as Violet's gaily colored embroideries, which she sold for a profit of pennies.

Lillom and Violet drank tea, one woman with another and Lillom's hands reverently followed the stitches made by Violet's dark ones, and Violet knew what to do when the cat was sick and how to keep away the ghosts that walked the thorn patches by moonlight.

And, "Violet, do you think my hair is pretty? A—man who was our guest smiled at me once and said, 'Thy hair is as a flock of goats that lie along the sides of Mount Gilead.' I don't know what he meant! It isn't at all like your goat."

"My goat isn't never going to be chosen Miss Caribbean Islands," Violet said. "Those words are from the Bible and I puzzled considerable myself once about what they meant. Then one day in the mountains of Mexico I saw a fair flock of black

My Love Will Come

Continued from page 5

goats sleeping on a brown hillside, and the sun on their coats was like blue-black lights on a woman's shining hair when it's beautiful as yours."

"Oh, thank you, Violet, for telling me that! I hoped it meant my hair was beautiful!"

"It did And don't let my poor goat discourage you."

"Oh, Violet! Is it very nice to be married, Violet? I've hoped it was very wonderful to be married."

"Well, it's variable according to who you is married to. I mean, it's got drawbacks, which is mainly men. But don't let women tell you men are natural bad creatures either. A man's got a fair capacity for settling his foot on a woman's heart, but he's mostly got no more intention of doing harm than a boy throwing a stone."

"Yes, by and large, he's a real good-hearted animal you just got to make allowances for. I know him do the kindest things! And I had six husbands. Never one left me but by death. Never one but took a slice of my heart down with him in the sea or to the grave."

Trouble came suddenly and very terribly. To begin with, Captain Svenson fell ill and had to be taken to Santa Teresa, and they missed the protection of his stubborn old presence.

Then, at the end of an afternoon when she had worked with her grandfather in the grove that was rich with the calling of doves, a bitter hurt came as she hurried back to prepare the evening meal.

As she darted between the young mahogany trees, she heard the heron fly up, calling, and, stepping from the wood, she looked to see it, flying high, above a boat in which were two men, one of whom held a gun.

She screamed. "Don't shoot him! Don't!"

The men glanced at her indifferently, and back at the heron. And she recognised the man with the gun as the overseer whom the young man had discharged, and whom they had several times seen distant on boats, plying the coast.

To-day he was belligerently drunk. She realised with relief that the heron was too high to be in danger. Then the heron saw her, wheeled in its stiff-legged flight, and came trustfully towards her.

As the heron passed over the boat the gun crashed, shaking the gold of the evening. The bird staggered in its flight, white feathers broke away, and it fell to the coral with a thump.

Lillom rushed to it, sobbing with dry gasps in her throat.

She knelt, clutching it and stroking the white feathers, on which were small flecks of red. She kept telling the dead heron, "I didn't do it! Oh, know I didn't do it!"

She looked up and saw the overseer beside her as he stooped to pick up the dead bird.

"So," he said challengingly, "the kid that talks too much? Where's the old man that talks too much?"

Behind them, her grandfather was shouting as he ran from the plantation with the old gun shaking in his grasp. She looked into the overseer's coarse face with such horror that for a moment she could not speak; then she picked up a rock and sprang at him.

"You beast! You beast! It was all beautiful and you killed it!" she cried furiously. Then with a cry of rage, the overseer seized her.

Please turn to page 28

"Did YOUR Mummy use PEARS SOAP too?"

SO SILKY-SOFT was Grandpa's hair . . . so healthy a glow upon his cheeks, no wonder they made Susie Jane think of Mummy and Pears . . . Clear, fresh skin and Pears Soap go together in Susie's mind — like bedtimes and stories, strawberries and cream, sixpence and Saturdays.

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT GRANDPA'S MUMMY DID USE! Boys were no different in those days . . . they still needed extra scrubbing around dirty necks and ears. With Pears they don't mind — it's so mild, fresh and wholesome they even like it, you'll find.

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Lovely to look at — Lovelier to wear

As her grandfather reached them, Lillom was struggling in the overseer's hands, and the man was saved only by the fact that it was impossible to shoot him without the risk of shooting her, since for some seconds her grandfather did not realise that she was attacking the man rather than the man attacking her.

Then, her grandfather saw the dead heron and heard the laughter of the men in the boat, and knew what had happened.

He sat her off gently. "There! There, darling!"

The fight went out of her. She stood, shaking and white, and going to be sick. The overseer was shouting with rage. "Little cat scratched me!"

"Pity she didn't kill you," her grandfather said softly. "Only God forbids killing a man for a bird. I'd do it myself."

"What's a bird?" the man said suddenly. "I'll shoot what I like where I like!" He turned and called to the men in the boat. "Coming to get the doves?"

"Not on this reef!" her grandfather said. "You ever shoot on it again or get near it again, and I'll blow you to scrap!"

"Two can play that game," the overseer said indifferently.

"Two people can fire a gun," her grandfather said. "But one may be a better shot than the other." He sent a coin suddenly into the air, swung his gun up and fired. The coin tinkled and raced away through the evening air as he snapped a new shell home. "Satisfied?" he asked.

The overseer stared a moment, then shrugged and turned back to the boat and the boat pulled away. Her grandfather wiped his forehead.

"God's mercy was with me!" he said. "Couldn't see the thing!" He

My Love Will Come

Continued from page 26

went to where she knelt beside the heron. "Bad! It's bad!"

She spoke the agony that was bursting her heart.

"Granddaddy, he thought I called him. He maybe thinks I shot him!"

Her grandfather went clumsily down on one knee beside her.

"Put your heart at rest! I know that's the worst thought there is you're thinking, but it's one pain we needn't bear. That bird loved you. When we love a thing, we know that thing don't mean to hurt us." He put his fingers slowly on the bird. "That's a thing to remember. Even if we seem to we never quite lose anything we've loved and that has loved us."

Lillom told Violet Smith of the overseer's threat to use the reef as he wished. "I couldn't bear anyone to shoot my grandfather's doves. Violet. He doesn't hear as well as he used to, but he always hears the doves."

Violet touched a thread to the machete edge in lieu of scissors. "Set spring guns round the grove and put up a notice, 'Spring Guns Set! There's nothing like a spring gun to give a man's feet reluctance'."

"What is a spring gun, Violet?"

"A remarkably sweet weapon. You takes a shotgun and ties it at the height of a man's stomach beside a trail. Some sets 'em higher, some lower, but a man's stomach is what he misses most and it's easiest to hit." She nodded wisely.

"On the trigger you fastens a wire rubbed with soot which you stretches across the trail and tightens till the trigger is hair-nearly letting fly the hammers. Anything touching that wire springs the gun."

"I couldn't! And I haven't any spare guns."

"Well, compromise on the notice. Notice is just about as good as the guns for most purposes, even if not quite so satisfying at times."

"You are such a comfort, Violet. I have a dollar from the crawfish money. Perhaps you could buy a tin of black paint for the notices when you go to town, Violet?"

"I'd buy the world for you, honey, but I'm not notable reliable with sums of money when I get near the bright lights and the wine when it is red."

"Please, Violet!"

When Lillom sighted Violet's boat returning from Santa Teresa, it was sailing in circles and taking strangely while from within it Violet sang.

"I done wrong," Violet called uncertainly. "But I going to work it off!"

After a moment, she scrambled out with a tin of paint. "I'm sure in fault! An' I was just so proud, too. I'd got a good bargain for you an' then I just stepped for one class an' had to fall right from grace."

"You got the paint, Violet. Never mind what else you did."

"Shouldn't have spented what were left," Violet sniffed humbly. Then she brightened and pulled from the boat a somewhat water-logged half bolt of fine-textured pale-green linen. "This is a present for you, honey! Old Violet going to make the prettiest birthday dress for her pretty!"

"You shouldn't have bought it, Violet. But, oh, it's beautiful!"

"I not rightly sure I did buy it, honey," Violet said, rubbing her grey head vaguely. "Last I remember I was in a store jus jam-packed full of bolts of terial. Then I was most home." She added hopefully, "But it were so jam-packed they couldn't truly miss one little bitty bolt."

When Violet was "rested of fatigue" they began to work on the dress, and while neither knew that Violet's designs were those of a great natural artist, they knew the dress would be wonderful.

"We start from the panties out-ward," Violet said, and Lillom blushed. "Little tight panties that hugs. And on their hip one ivy leaf brodered like the green woods. For the dress, plain."

She smiled gently.

"Little short sleeve, drawn in high on the arm a round neck that's gathered to its circle, long skirt that's straight falling but full and bout the neckline a wreath of ivy leaves brodered in black-green and emerald and jade. It will be right for, with a face like yours, child, you only need leaves; the face is the flower."

Again she smiled, and added, "For slippers, we take high clog soles of balsa wood with sandal straps of green silk, and you'll be so beautiful you hurt!"

"If I can be just a little pretty, Violet, I'll be glad!"

The dirty schooner against which her grandfather had warned her bore in again one evening when later there would be a moon. Lillom waited until her grandfather was asleep, then she slipped into the night.

All the way to the south-eastern reef her heart bumped round and full against her throat, and her boat seemed very small. Then she was among the mangroves and less alarmed.

Beaching the boat, she worked her way quickly along the eastern shore through the greater darkness of sea grapes, to drop to her knees where the forest opened and the moon was throwing increasing radiance into the sky.

When she could dimly see the mop heads of cabbage palms against the sky by the anchorage, she crawled into the last patch of sea grapes and waited, peering out.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories, which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



MRS. GORDON GRANT (left) and Mrs. H. R. Letcher preparing meals in the open on the kitchen range.

Simpson's Gap cattle station

Eleven miles from Alice Springs is Simpson's Gap cattle station, a pocket-handkerchief run of about 128 square miles including the famous beauty spot.

PURCHASE of the station, one of the smallest in the Northern Territory was the realisation of a dream for Mrs. F. R. Letcher of Adelaide, and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grant, of Toorak Gardens, South Australia.

But their occupation of the property has not been free from tragedy despite their affection for it.

The homestead—a quaint little place—was razed by fire in the first few weeks of their occupation. Only the kitchen stove remained.

Two days later floods came and swept away fences, the horses went bush, and the car couldn't cross the swollen creeks. A brother of the two women, Mr. H. D. Saneher, was desperately ill at the time.

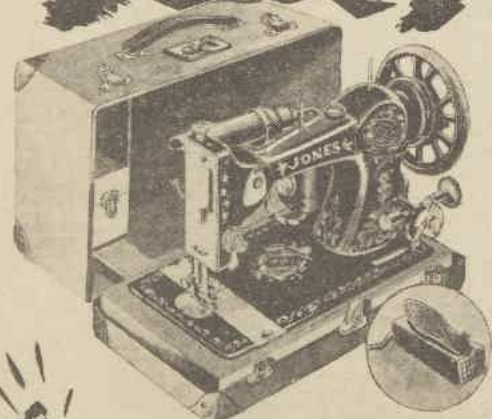
Mrs. Grant had to walk the 11 miles to Alice Springs for food.

The brother died two days after this. He was a returned soldier of World War II having served in the 2/10 Battalion, and won a decoration at Milne Bay.

The new owners now have to live in a caravan until labor is available to build the new homestead, which will be modern in design, with a flat roof.

"The country will grow almost anything, so long as the water is good," Mrs. Letcher said. "Last year we had over 300 watermelons, some weighing 50 lbs."

"In our kitchen garden we have beans, lettuce, peas, sweet potatoes, tomatoes and sweet melons."



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FRED MacMURRAY. CLAUDETTE COLBERT in
"Family Honeymoon"

Universal International

The Horrible Example

Continued from page 11

AFTER we had eaten all but three of the sandwiches that Bea had made and had finished off a pot of coffee, we all went upstairs. Of course, I was a little delayed. I had to take those three left-over sandwiches back to the kitchen and wrap them, so they would not get too stale overnight. Then I had to hunt for the biggest cat—the one who is opposed to going to the basement for the night, any night.

George was still sitting on the edge of the bed when I got to the room we were sharing. "You know, George, a house really isn't in an uproar like this all the time. Of course, our home always was, but you and I did most of that. Here we get along with hardly any extra work at all day after day."

George replied with a terse, unprintable comment.

We settled down for a quiet night. After perhaps two hours, Bea woke me by shaking my shoulder.

"The water heater," she said, "is doing it again."

The bathroom floor was a mess when I got there, with water popping out of the heater element in a stream and making a nice pool in the middle of the linoleum.

It was lucky I thought gratefully that I had observed the plumber closely the last time he came out, so I knew what to do. As quietly as I could, I went to the basement for my pipe-wrench, which is too big, but can be used on such a job if you're very careful. I found a tin can and cut the top off smoothly.

Back in the bathroom, I pulled out the electric plug and put a dish under the heater, just the way the plumber had done. Then I remembered his other steps, one, two, three.

First, he loosened the main nut with the pipe-wrench then took out a couple of small bolts which held

the unit, lifted it down, and slipped the tin can up on the fitting as a temporary cover until he could connect the new element to the unit and put it back. I even had a new element, being a foresighted householder. The way he had done it, the whole job took only ten minutes, and only a quart or two of water came out of the pipe into the dish while he was making the transfers.

But he must have done something else I did not remember, because when I loosened the big nut water began to come out faster. I got the small bolts out all right, but the unit and the pipe-wrench slipped out of my hands at the same time, and I could not lay my hand on the tin can immediately. The dish lasted for ten seconds, and then there was a flood.

By this time the small noises had awakened Mike, who began yelling I could hear both women scurrying around the hall, and the spaniel began to bark. By the time George got there, everything, including me, was slippery.

George yelled, "Shut off the water, you dope!"

I knew there was one more thing that plumber had done.

George spun the valve on top of the heater tank and then went away. After that, things were fairly simple. I put on a new element and fastened the fixture back where it belonged. The spaniel stopped barking after a while, and Mike must have gone back to sleep.

By the time I had the mopping done, everybody had gone away.

I picked up the mop bucket and the wrench and started along the hall toward the stairs and the light switch there. I was just about to turn it on when I heard something.

Of course, I know any gentleman would have dropped the mop or

uttered a polite and warning cough, but I stood still. I could hear Gwen crying softly just around the corner, then George made comforting sounds. Some of them were inaudible, but presently he spoke clearly.

He said, "Now stop it, Gwen. It isn't as bad as all that."

Personally, I thought it probably was.

"I tell you, Gwenne," he said, "we don't have to live in a house of horrors like this joint."

Always the polite guest, that brother of mine.

He went on comfortably, "You'll never have to worry about a mess like this. That Freddie animal isn't a bad duck, but he shouldn't be allowed to handle dangerous tools. He'll kill himself some day, hammering his own head." George thought a minute. "For a fact, I can fix things with my toes that have him stopped cold."

Gwen said, "Oh, George! I thought—I thought you didn't want to live in a house, George."

"I know something even better," George said. "A pal of mine has some hotel apartments, and he'll give us a vacancy even if there isn't any. The maids do all the cleaning and nobody has to worry about the water pipes."

I never would have suspected Gwen of so little originality. There may have been doubt added to her tone, but the words had no change. She said, "Oh, George!"

So I tiptoed back to the bathroom, banged the mop bucket against the side of the bathtub and came down the hall again, whistling.

I might as well have saved the effort. Nothing less than a three-alarm fire could have broken up the clench on the stairway. I stepped around George's legs and went on down to the basement.

Early in the morning—with a six-year-old in the house, there never are any other mornings—I caught Bea in the hall and whispered the news to her.

When we were nearly through breakfast, we demonstrated comical co-operation. Without flickering an eyelash, Bea announced to me that Gwen had just told her wonderful news—she and George were to be married. Well, I'm a well-trained husband. I was as surprised as everything, congratulated George, and told Gwen she had my sympathy.

When Mike asked, "Why do they want to get married, Dad?" I told him to go play with his train.

Presently George strapped their luggage back on the motor-cycle. He kicked the starter and the motor began to pop a terrific racket. Gwen and Bea yelled good-byes to each other, but I snapped my fingers and hollered, "Wait a minute, George! I forgot something!"

I ran back to the house and grabbed the two baskets I had cached in a corner of the back

porch, along with some light line with which they could be tied to the motor-cycle.

Outside, I handed them to George and yelled, "Here's something to eat on the way home!"

George might have spoiled everything by refusing, but he got a sudden dig in the short ribs from his bride-to-be. These women learn fast.

George said, "Oh, all right," and tied both baskets on in front of the handle bars.

I said, "Wait until you have to pack a tricycle at the last minute." Both Bea and Gwen scowled at me. Sometimes I just don't seem to be attractive to women.

Then Bea and I ducked graves as George swung the motor-cycle up out of the driveway. My wife and I walked back towards the house.

"I suppose it's all right," she said. "They're both nice kids, but that girl isn't going to like a hotel apartment. She wants a home. She'll be miserable."

I said I did not think there was anything to worry about.

Bea examined me. "You have a strangely contented expression my fine friend," she said. "Maybe you'd like to tell all." She hesitated and tapped a fingernail against her teeth. "Especially, what about that lunch? That was not like you, Freddie, not like you at all."

I said, "Oh, there was a lunch, all right. Those sandwiches left over from last night and an orange for each of them."

"In two baskets?"

I really was feeling good. I said, "The other basket had two cats in it. Kittens. Very attractive. But no hotel apartment, even run by a chum, will let them have cats, so they'll have to live in a house."

"The housing shortage?" inquired my wife.

"Gwen has her eye on one. George wouldn't go and look at it. Now he will. By that time he won't be able to bear the thought of those super-smart kittens living with anybody else. We'll get letters telling us how smart they are."

"Gwen," said Bea, "will think you're wonderful."

"I feel," I said, "like a family traitor."

"Freddie," Bea told me, "sometimes I could slay you, but at other times it isn't so mysterious why I'm crazy about you. You're not too smart, but you're clever."

Which was fine. But suddenly Bea asked, "Which kittens?"

I said, "The black one and the big yellow one."

She thought another minute. "Am I mistaken," she inquired, "or weren't those the only two males in the litters?"

After a while I said I thought they were.

"Which leaves us with four female kittens to get rid of, and absolutely nobody wants female kittens!"

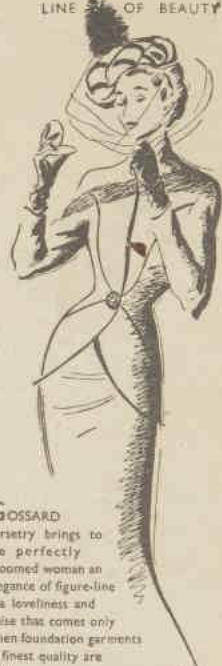
I said, "That's so, dear."

You know how a home can be sometimes?

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters, where they are captured by a ragged pirate band. The

pirates imprison them in a cave which fills with water at high tide. Through Mandrake's magic they escape, and Lothar springs on two guards, and tells the pirate leader. While the action goes on the leader recovers and although Betty tries to stop him rushes away to tell that gang that the prisoners have escaped. NOW READ ON.

MEANWHILE, THE OTHER PIRATES ARE CELEBRATING THEIR CAPTURE OF THE *ARGOS*; AND GORGING THEMSELVES WITH THE LOOT---



THE PIRATE LEADER STAGGERS INTO THE DOORWAY-- AND CAN HARDLY MAKE HIMSELF HEARD ABOVE THE UPDRAH! "PIGS! FOOLS!" HE SHOUTS. "WHILE YOU CAROUSE, OUR PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING! TO ARMS!"



WHILE HE WARNS MEN, HE DOES NOT NOTICE LOTHAR WHO KICKS HIM, SENDING HIM DOWN.



THE HALL IS FILLED WITH ANGRY SHOUTS AS THE PIRATES TRY TO FORCE OPEN THE HEAVY DOORS---



LOTHAR BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR. "QUICK, GET MASTER!" HE TELLS BETTY, AS HE PITS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE PIRATES!



THE MEN ARE JUST REACHING THE BEACH, WEARY FROM THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE WAVES. BETTY RACES TO MANDRAKE, TELLING HIM WHAT HAS HAPPENED!



REACHING LOTHAR, THEY QUICKLY BRACE THE DOORS WITH LOGS. "THEY ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH," SAYS MANDRAKE. "ALL WE'VE GOT ARE OUR TEETH AND BRAINS. WE'LL SMOKE THEM OUT!" A FIRE IS BUILT--



THE HALL FILLS WITH SMOKE. "YOU CAN COME OUT--UNARMED," MANDRAKE CALLS THROUGH THE DOOR! THE PIRATES ARE CHOKING AND SPUTTERING! FINALLY, THE LEADER CALLS BACK. "WE'LL COME OUT! YOU WIN!"

TO BE CONTINUED

News from the studios

From our Hollywood Correspondent

GREGORY PECK and **Melvin Douglas** are co-directors of Hollywood's "littles" Little Theatre Group.

It is composed of Jonathan and Stephen Peck, aged five and two, and Peter and Mary Douglas, who are 14 and ten years old.

Mrs. Peck heads the make-up department and Mrs. Douglas controls the costumes.

The sets are arranged by the Douglas family.

The two Douglas children have been putting on shows for neighborhood children for some years.

Gregory and Melvin are helping their offsprings arrange a Christmas pageant under their joint direction. The "theatre" in which it will be staged is the Pecks' garage.

DOROTHY MAGUIRE and her husband, John Swope, are waiting for the birth of their first baby, which is due to arrive early in February.

BARBARA STANWYCK is carrying out her own ideas in the refurnishing of her new West Los Angeles home. She says that the house will not be Old English, French, American Colonial, or modern, it's just going to be comfortable. In fact, there won't be a table or chair in the place on which anyone couldn't rest their feet.

If Gail Russell ever decides to quit the Hollywood sound stages she will be able to chalk up a tidy salary as a commercial artist. She is considered to be one of the best artists among film stars, and her work has been highly praised by West Coast experts.

EARLY next year, singer **Perry Como** will appear as an honorary performer at Slapsy-Maxie's Hollywood night-club.

Some years ago, owner of the club, Sy Devore, presented Perry with a complete wardrobe to help him start his career in New York and Perry is determined to repay Devore's kindness.

JANE POWELL will be away from Hollywood until Christmas, as she is on a cross-country personal appearance tour.

CLARK GABLE has been telling his friends that he intends to have a holiday in China and Japan when he finishes his next film, though Gable may be forced to change his plans about visiting China because of the civil war there.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT, one of Hollywood's biggest discoveries this year, is leaving for England and Europe, recently he completed retakes on the Olivia de Havilland drama "The Heiress."

Australia will see him first in "The Search," the film which sent producers scurrying round to sign him up for stardom.

An unexpected comedy scene field up production temporarily at Warner, during the shooting of "The Fountain Head." Raymond Massey and Patricia Neal were leaving a hotel after their marriage. Pat was holding aloft her bridal bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley as the couple pushed through a milling crowd of extras.

Suddenly a policeman's horse took off half the flowers with one bite, and director King Vidor called a halt while fresh flowers were obtained.

DISTINGUISHED English actor **Roland Culver** has been added to the cast of Bob Hope's next comedy, "Easy Does It." Culver will play the role of Grand Duke Maximilian--as father of the lovely Rhonda Fleming.

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Wanda Hendrix is tiny and talented

Screen stardom now achieved by nineteen-year-old

By a Hollywood correspondent

Latest newcomer to uphold the Hollywood tradition that fineness is a sign of dramatic talent is petite Wanda Hendrix.

MARY PICKFORD was small; so was Helen Hayes; and now comes Wanda, whose weight is just about seven stone.

After seeing Wanda at work, a leading producer remarked, "That child from Florida has more talent than body."

Although Wanda is nineteen she was type cast as an early teen-ager in most of her film roles.

At-out two years ago, she played a twelve-year-old in the Bing Crosby film, "Welcome Stranger."

In Robert Montgomery's "Ride the Pink Horse" she was supposed to be fifteen, and in "My Own True Love" she played Melvyn Douglas' daughter.

It was Wanda's role with Montgomery which brought her under public notice, though she had impressed quite a few people in her first film when she played a downtrodden, tragic little London slavey befriended by Charles Boyer in "Confidential Agent."

Paramount began to plan her career before she acquired her first

fans. Three years ago, when Wanda looked several years younger than her actual age, the studio bought a story of winter-spring love set in the 1900's.

Wanda was tested for the leading role, but she looked too young, so Paramount filed the story away until she could grow up more.

This spring, tests showed that she was ready, and "Now and Forever" was recast and the film was made.

Now she has won full starring honors for herself.

In Paramount's "Miss Tatlock's Millions," she is a grown-up debutante and speaks normally for the first time. Accents in her previous films have been French, Mexican, British, and an exaggerated New England twang.

Off the screen Wanda is a typical outdoor girl. Her fiancé, Audie Murphy, America's most decorated war hero, has taught her to hunt and fish.

Looking like a schoolgirl on vacation, she opened the door to me at her home in the San Fernando Valley, where she lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mack Sylvester Hendrix, in a simple one-story modern white bungalow.

Its wide lawn is fringed with gay flower beds, which Wanda's father, a construction engineer, keeps in order.

The garage holds only one car and Wanda has not yet learned to drive it.

"We don't keep any help in the house, because mother and I manage all right without it," she said, as she showed me into the comfortable living-room.

"It's just as well that I know how to cook, because my doctor has ordered me to keep up my weight and I eat five meals a day."

"My favorite food is tomatoes. I prefer them raw, but I often stew them or bake them with rice, and serve them with chicken or steak."

"I drink lots of milk, too, because, you see, as a rule I lose about eight pounds while I am making a film."

Wanda is the envy of many other Hollywood girls because her waist measures only eighteen inches, but she worries about being so small.



DICK HAYMES and his wife, Joanne Dray, register laughter and anxiety as they watch performers at the "Ice Follies" in Hollywood. The actor-crooner and his actress wife recently celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary.



ELEANOR PARKER (Warners) happily holds up her baby daughter, Susan Friedlob, to face her first camera. Eleanor's newest film is the comedy "The Voice of the Turtle," which has been adapted from the successful stage-play.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Family Honeymoon

ANY man asked to share his honeymoon with the three children of his wife's first husband would have just cause for complaint, especially when the three refer to him continually as "That Man."

American author Homer Croy wrote an amusing novel with this plot, and Universal International has made it into a film starring reliable Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray at the State.

Time has treated Miss Colbert with unusual kindness, considering the years she has been an established star.

She still looks glamorous, still undertakes any job, whether comedy or drama, with the same conscientiousness and capability.

As an attractive widow forced by circumstance to take her two small sons and smaller daughter on her honeymoon with her second husband, the role is perfect for Claudette, who gets every ounce of comedy out of it.

Fred MacMurray as her husband is a splendid foil for her; in fact, this is his best role for a long time.

Until his patience is strained to breaking point by the capers of his ready-made family he is a reasonable man, but he has the sympathy of everyone when he finally deals out the sound spankings which the youngsters have earned.

Authentic scenes of the Grand Canyon provide the best backgrounds, and the film only fails to be good comedy when the ending is allowed to descend to slapstick.

A Man About the House

IRISH actor Kieron Moore is a young man who needs most careful casting, because his work varies amazingly.

Now that I have seen him in "A Man About the House," in which Kieron really turns on his talent, I can understand why Sir Alexander Korda gave him the romantic lead opposite Vivien Leigh in "Anna Karenina."

But I cannot forgive him for the lustreless performance he gave.

He now has a most unsympathetic role in the adaptation of Francis Brett Young's novel, but he never loses touch and compels attention throughout.

Kieron is not the only source of attraction in this unusual production, which is an odd mixture of charm and preposterous melodrama.

Australian actress Margaret Johnston, who makes rare appearances on the screen, shows again that she is a splendid performer who should be persuaded into accepting more roles.

Two Edwardian sisters, Agnes (Margaret Johnston) and Ellen (Dulcie Gray), go to Italy to inspect their legacy of a fine old home.

There they meet Salvatore (Moore), handsome, scheming Italian.

Agnes falls in love with him, and they are married, but his plans to murder her fall apart when an English friend discovers what is happening and it is Salvatore who dies.

Close to Margaret Johnston's beautifully timed and dignified performance is that of Dulcie Gray as Ellen.

It is at the Embassy.

Sealed Verdict

AUTHENTIC backgrounds and excellent all-round acting in Paramount's drama on Nazi war criminal trials, "Sealed Verdict," cannot hide the weakness of the script.

After a series of unimpressive performances, Ray Milland drops his mannerisms and off-hand mood, and shows that he has not forgotten how to handle a serious role, even when it descends to sheer Hollywood sentimentality.

Milland's performance is as neat as his U.S. Army major's uniform. He plays a lawyer who is responsible for the conviction of a minor Nazi official.

Having won his conviction, the lawyer begins to doubt its fairness and works to upset the verdict.

This is fair enough, but an unnecessary romance for the lawyer and a secondary drama between an American soldier and the German girl he betrays are pure hokum.

Florence Marly, a newcomer of the Dietrich type but without the Dietrich personality, is photographed so that she appears to be half starved although her acting quality is more robust.

John Hoyt, as the fanatical Nazi, is slusher to a degree in a coldly competent manner.

The film is at the Prince Edward.

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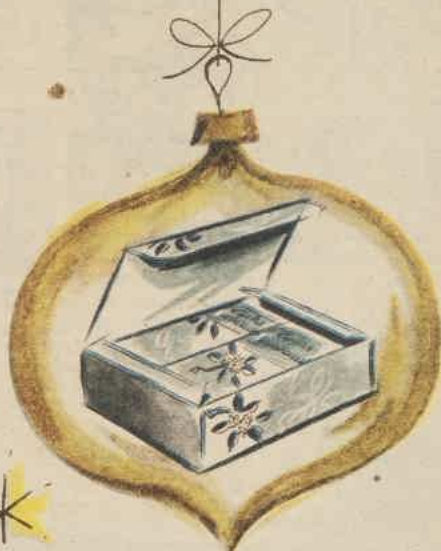
VIM's added cleansing power will quickly shift burnt-on food without scratching



WANDA HENDRIX helps her father spray his tomato plants in the garden of their home in Hollywood. Star of Paramount's comedy "Miss Tatlock's Millions," Wanda has three leading men—John Lund, Barry Fitzgerald, and Monty Woolley—for the Brackett and Wilder production.

Cyclax

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Not Illustrated

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SYDNEY

The Calendar

EDGAR WALLACE'S famous play "The Calendar" was first produced on the London stage in 1929. During a revival in 1930, the author appeared in disguise in a small role.

Australian John McCallum is the star of the J. Arthur Rank film version directed by Arthur Crabtree.

Special permission was granted for racing scenes to be photographed at Ascot.



2 WEDDING of Garry's former fiancée, Wenda (Greta Gynt), to Molly's brother, Lord Willie Panniford (Raymond Lovell), follows when Wenda discovers that Garry has little money.



4 INQUIRY by stewards into running of Garry's horse brings Wenda as witness. She denies that Garry's first telegram telling her not to back his horse was cancelled by another message from him before the race took place.



5 ASSISTANCE is given by Molly, who knows that Garry stopped dishonest running plan. She gets Garry's second note to Wenda and shows it to the stewards just before running of Gold Cup race. Finally, Garry is cleared of charge.



1 HORSE TRAINER Molly Panniford (Sonia Holm) asks Garry Anson (John McCallum) for instructions about his entries for coming racing season at Ascot.



3 WORRIED about favorite horse which dies, Garry gets drunk and agrees to "pull" another horse in a big race.



6 WINNER of the Gold Cup, Garry realises that but for Molly his horse would not have been allowed to run.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 20

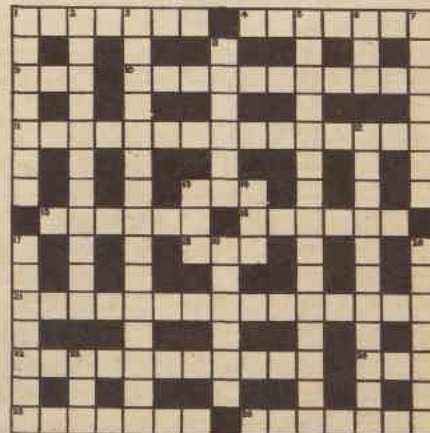
ACROSS

- Vice den (anag.) (7).
- Manuscript that takes me in before a turn of face is lost (7).
- Spring commences in Spain (5).
- Separation from the other's son takes in, for example, Reginald to a movement of it around (11).
- Betrothal at Trafalgar? (5, 10).
- Crazy cat finds a part to play (2).
- What to do to a door-bell beside the street (A knotty problem perhaps) (6).
- The language of a crab I disturbed! (6).
- Flow back (3).
- A kind of wrestling domestic animal leads Charles to capture and is able to (5, 2, 6, 3).
- Set of rooms occupied by a groom and his mate (6, 5).
- Japanese saah (2).
- Tells the news of the changed direction of a sainted Northern Territory river (7).
- Falled to hit you in it but ill-treated just the same (7).

DOWN

- Perfume used when beheading Bea with sentence not despatched (7).
- Adverb does not end in de-sign, which is unintentional (11).
- 5 down in the play trans-gress inside to allow me in to listen for visionary projects (7, 2, 1, 3).
- Yum-Yum, Sir Peter Teasdale and Rose Marie chase cat's garter in considerable confusion! (6, 10).
- Allison is childless (3).
- Indicated refusal indeed! (7).
- It's calamitous to finish up a cheroot after tea (6).
- O. Piff, accuse (anagram) (11).
- Beauty follows it, as the saying goes (3).
- In the flap take a club up (3).
- Islands made over in company at the refreshment counter (7).
- How to support the front down opposite? (4, 2).
- Humans make the fellow gentle (7).
- One Parliamentarian could make mischief of it (3).

£10, £5, and £3 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 20 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408AW, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close December 24, prizes and solution in issue of January 15.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 19

ACROSS: 1—Enter-prize. 6—Flag. 9—Im-pass-able (Imp-ass-able). 10—Unto. 12—Tyr/one. 13—Tulle. 16—C/oi-1/e (to turned). 18—1/r/i-table. 20—Outrigger. 21—Clear. 22—Cope (anag). 23—Devers (Ted turned). 27—U-nit (lin turned). 28—Spin bowler (anag). 29—High. 30—Ho/hart/ T-own.

DOWN: 1—Ex-it. 2—Tape. 3—Ri-sky. 4—R/ca-son/ing. 5—Sal/v/e. 7—Land lubber (anag). 8—Clowne-b/er/r/. 11—Ratic. 14—Ace of clubs (the turned). 15—Si/l-i-ber/ing. 17—C-h-ven. 19—Harcings. 23—D/spt/e. 24—Roots. 25—Alto. 26—Krin (hidden).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 19: £10 to Mrs. E. W. Smith, 21 Ruby St., North Perth, W.A.; £5 to Mrs. C. M. Braine, 25 Milton St., Mackay, Qld.; £3 to Mr. J. M. Hannon, 358 Beach Rd., Black Rock 55, Vic.

*X*mas time...
is **KNIGHT** time



LEAH



RUTH



INA



LOLL

COLOUR CHART

LEAH	INA	LOLL	RUTH
Wine	Royal	Green	Wine
Black	Saxe	Royal	Rose
Black with Saxe	Red	Rose	Royal
Saxe with Rose	Wine	Wine	•
Black with Rose	Black	•	•
Rose with Saxe	•	•	•

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KNIGHT

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Newest nylons match your frock — in wine, blue, or what you will. Pamper all your stockings — silks, nylons or rayons — with a nightly Lux dip. That way they last twice as long, tests prove.



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Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

HAZEL



"Well, going now. Pleased to have met you all!"

Woman Without Wiles

Continued from page 7

FLORENCE said quickly: "Sidney's been mooning about the club all the evening," raising her eyebrows behind his back. Ella correctly interpreted the gesture to mean that the big blonde had been absent.

"Oh," she said. And then did not know what else to say. She sat down rather suddenly on the settee. Florence and Sidney looked at her curiously.

"What's the matter with the girl?" said Sidney.

"Where have you been, Ella?" asked Florence.

"With Joe,"

"Joe who?" Florence sounded startled.

"Who's Joe?" Sidney was interested.

"You know Joe," said Ella, looking at Florence.

"He has another name, hasn't he?" Sidney insisted.

"I suppose so, but his landlady calls him Joe."

She didn't see why she should satisfy Sidney's curiosity. He had been most unflatteringly inquisitive for the past fortnight.

"You don't mean Joe Nicholas, do you?" Florence said suddenly.

Ella glared at her and Florence hastily gathered up a towel and various other toilet articles, declaring that she was going to have a bath.

"You'd better be gone when I come back," she warned Sidney from the door.

"I will," growled Sidney. He moved across to the settee and sat down beside Ella.

"This Joe Nicholas," he said thoughtfully. "Is he the Nicholas? Where does he live?"

"Up the road," said Ella suddenly tired of answering questions. She wished Sidney would tell her again that he loved her. She wished he would say, "Look, darling, I've come to my senses . . ." and take her into his arms.

Sidney whistled. "My, my! What a capture. That man will be knighted before he's forty or I'll eat my professor."

"Why, what has he done?" asked Ella.

"He's made some wonderful discoveries about rheumatism. You should hang on to Joe."

"Why?" he gave him a sharp glance.

"Because one should always hang on to people who are going places. They often take one with them."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ella, involuntarily. "How horrible! And what a strange remark for anyone like you to make. You who are going to be a doctor!"

Sidney smiled charmingly. "My dear, I'm not going to be a doctor."

"What!" Ella looked bewildered.

"Sidney—what do you mean? You've only a year to go. You can't give up now."

"I can and I have," he said cheerfully. "No future in it. I'm going into films. On the production side."

Pam's father is a big noise in the film world."

Pam's father! So that was the big blonde's name.

"Are you going to marry Pam?" she asked directly.

He shrugged. "I'm too young yet to marry anyone. And I want to make money—lots of it. Don't look so worried, Ella, my pet. One would think I'd embarked on a life of crime."

He tried to take her in his arms, but she stood up abruptly. Five minutes ago she had wanted Sidney to kiss her; for a whole fortnight he had occupied her thoughts exclusively. Now, she wondered why.

Sidney raised his eyebrows. "Oh, come, darling. You know I had to keep on the right side of Pam."

"Of course," she said. Her eyes were blank.

He watched her uneasily. "You know, Ella, you're too serious. You expect too much from human nature. Men aren't perfect."

Ella said slowly, "I know that men aren't perfect, and I'm not looking for a man who is. But I don't think I care very much for the type who use women as stepping-stones to success."

Sidney flushed. "That's a bit strong, isn't it?"

"It was meant to be," she said calmly.

She moved over to the fireplace, aware suddenly of a sense of dignity as an asset before, never tried to cultivate it. But now she knew that a little of it at the right time could give one a tremendous advantage in a tiresome situation. I haven't any wiles, she thought, but this is better.

"It's time you went," she said, not bothering to look at him.

She was in bed when Florence returned from the bathroom.

"Well!" Florence said cheerfully. "Do I get a medal for bringing our hero and heroine together? I gather he's got over that big blonde?"

"Yes," smiled Ella, "and I've got over her, too. I'm feeling rather sorry for her, in fact, and for any other girl who happens Sidney's way."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Florence. "What on earth has happened? I thought you were the steady type. Well—" she shrugged philosophically, "in a way, I'm glad you've turned Sidney down. There's a dance at the club to-morrow night, so you'll be able to get yourself into circulation again."

"I can't," said Ella. "I'm expecting a telephone call."

And this one, she knew, would materialise. Joe wasn't the type to break a promise, and he wasn't the type who went in for blonde stepping-stones, either.

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Gaze brings you eight shining colors that go with all the newest fashion shades. Clear reds . . . warm pinks . . . exotic wine . . . lovely colors that keep their lustrous beauty day in, day out.

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CRÈME NAIL ENAMEL
Tops in Tips!

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

COTTON materials, once considered attractive only for holiday and sports clothes, are being used for dresses for almost every occasion, with charming effect. Ability to stand up to frequent laundering makes them a practical choice for the Australian summer.

In my answers this week I have suggested cotton for all-purpose frocks, and to a teen-ager for a party frock.

Frills for the young

"I HAVE just had my 50th birthday, but am still quite slim and erect. Olive-skinned and with grey hair and brown eyes, I cannot seem to decide which colors suit me best. Will you help me in your Dress Sense page? Do you think I am too old for a dark frock with a white petticoat frill? I don't want to look foolish."

Correct choice of color is important at your age. The right shade reflected from your clothing will make all the difference to your skin tones. Refrain from delicate colors, because they will tend to make your skin look sallow. Navy-blue will be your safest dark color. Clear colors will flatter you, especially a clear blue-green and a clear red. You will also find warm neutrals, creams, and a yellow-beige excellent. I consider the present petticoat fashion is definitely for the girl in her teens or early twenties. At that age it's glamorous, at 50 faintly fancy dress.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

To wear on ship

"MY trip abroad will take place some time next year, and although it seems a long way ahead I would appreciate your advice now, as I have never travelled before."

You do not mention how far you are travelling, or in what size ship. However, there are certain essential garments to take wherever you go and whatever type of ship you travel in. Item number one (you can count on varied weather) is a warm "wear-with-all" coat. A cool, crease-resistant suit for arriving in any hot-weather port and at least one evening dress that won't droop in a salty atmosphere should also be listed as essential. Take along a pair of shoes with crepe soles for deck games, and shorts and a shirt for active sport on the boat deck. You will also need casual, washable dresses for hot weather, and a wool sport skirt and sweaters for cold.



THIS COTTON PLAID, designed for a country reader, is suitable for many social occasions.

Trousers should be worn only on the boat deck. What you wear at night depends on the type of ship in which you travel. On a large liner it is customary for saloon passengers to dress every evening, though the old rule still holds, "don't dress for first or last nights on board."

Cotton for preference

"AS a young matron living in a large country town, I like to be smartly dressed. I make my own clothes, but have not the time to spare on exaggerated styles. Would you suggest a material and design for a dress suitable for house and street wear?"

Cotton is my suggestion for a material, a dark or light plaid, or perhaps a check or geometric print. Have the design with the current approved indented waistline, a swing or full skirt, and shoulder-line minus a pad. This adds up to easy laundering for the busy housewife. A dress made on these lines will be perfect to go out for errands and shopping as well as for the home.

White lace formal

"TO celebrate my 21st birthday I will be given a dinner party at a restaurant, afterwards attending a ball. I have almost decided on buying lace to make a ballerina-length frock for the occasion, but I am not sure if this style would be correct. Could you advise me, and also suggest a color? I have a fair skin and light brown hair."

White lace is new again, and looks lovely in the summertime. In fact, I think white is flattering at any time. I don't consider a ballerina-length dress is sufficiently formal for the occasion, as you are going on to a ball after your dinner party. The dress should be made with a floor-length skirt.

Lilac party dress

"MY mother has given me 7½ yds. of pale lilac cotton that looks rather like fine calico. Do you consider the material would be suitable for a dress for informal parties?"

Your lilac cotton is going to be just perfect. I suggest for the design a cummerbund skirt and matching off-the-shoulder blouse. Have the skirt finished with a tiny ruffle at the hemline, and three matching ruffles to trim the shoulder-line of the sleeveless blouse. The cummerbund should be separate, and be either boned or backed with canvas.

black, royal-blue and black, turquoise and black, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 89/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 93/6. Postage, 2/04 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 74/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 75/11. Postage, 2/04 extra.

TO ORDER: Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 47.

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(Perfumed with the exquisite Radox fragrance.)

The attractive Xmas Gift of Radox Bath Salts is obtainable at all chemists and stores.

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settle down
for the night?



If your stomach feels unsettled when you are about to retire, take one teaspoonful of De Witt's Antacid Powder in a little water. This will ensure that you will not be troubled or disturbed by the distressing symptoms of acid stomach.

Not only does De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralise excess acidity straight away, but it also spreads a protective coating over the inflamed walls of the stomach. You sleep well

because your stomach is no longer uncomfortable. This wonderfully effective medicine gives speedy relief from after-meal pains too. A single dose is usually sufficient. So keep a tin handy and don't allow acid stomach and its attendant evils to make your life miserable.

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"AMANDA"—A charming summer suit made in striped spun rayon. The colors include green, red, or blue, on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 72/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 75/11. Postage, 1/64 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 60/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 62/9. Postage, 1/64 extra.

"KITTY"—Practical and pretty house frock which opens out flat for ironing.

The material is British floral cotton, in blue, pink, and green; blue, red, and white; mauve, green, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 32/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 34/9. Postage, 1/34 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/3. Postage, 1/34 extra.

"EFFIE"—A graceful house gown made in heavyweight printed crepe, in lime and black, brick-red and

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"I list hereunder my acceptances to the amount of £106/10/3."
"I am pleased to report further successes since Les. 10. This makes £53 in hand, with more to come."
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"Smith's Weekly" paid me £5 for 'Mrs. Hopkins v. the Bride'.
"I have paid for my Freeland Journalism Course easily by my returns from published work."
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"Three serials returned me £165."
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Smile, please!

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

- A friendly smile is a valuable asset, particularly if it serves to draw attention to pearly-white, well-cared-for teeth

CARE of the teeth is the first essential of an attractive smile, and the arresting of dental decay is necessary from a beauty as well as a health point of view.

Refined sugar and milled flour, mixing with saliva, form an acid which attacks the enamel, causing decay, but heartening news comes from America, where dentists claim to have conducted experiments which resulted in reduced dental decay in selected groups of patients.

Sodium fluorine was added to the water supply to counteract the action of the mouth acid, and the results noted over a period of ten years.

What is claimed to be the first general attempt to combat dental decay in this way in Australia will be made at Tenterfield, N.S.W., early in the new year, when the council proposes to treat the town's water supply with fluorine.

The Health Department is also investigating the treatment of the Canberra water supply with sodium fluorine.

Brighter smiles in the A.C.T. in the next ten years may well be the result.

Toothbrush drill, properly and conscientiously performed, is probably the first line of defence for teeth.

Use two brushes for the job, the straight kind, with a short head and uneven bristles in either double or treble rows of medium-hard tufts, flexible without being soft, stiff without being coarse.

Twice daily cleaning, and after every meal if you can manage it, makes frequent brush renewal necessary. There's no rule on length of life of this standard equipment, but it should be discarded at first signs of flabbiness.

Brush upper teeth downwards from the gums, lower teeth upwards, with a special care for inner surfaces and backs of the teeth, as well as the tongue, sides and roof of the mouth and finish with a clear water rinse, or use a pleasant mouthwash.

A variation of this routine is the vibratory method, which consists of placing the brush on the teeth at a more or less right angle, and then pressing the bristles into the spaces, giving the brush a vibratory or "shimmy" movement.

If an occasion should arise when you are left without a toothbrush,

don't forget that a mouthwash of salt and water is a useful substitute.

Talk to your dentist about the use of dental floss, the right kind of powder, paste, or liquid for cleansing and gum massage. The latter is done by taking a little toothpaste on finger and thumb, placing the thumb at the back of the teeth, the finger on the front, then squeezing the gum gently towards the teeth and rinsing thoroughly.

Teeth need calcium plus vitamin D, as a second line of defence, and this comes from food.

A diet that is sticky, starchy, and completely synthetic should be ruinous.

Sugary foods include all foods to which sugar is added, sweets of all kinds, syrup, jams, and chocolate, as distinct from pure sugar.

Teeth, no less than other parts of the body, need exercise, which the mastication of soft and overcooked foods does not supply.

They need natural cleansing, and the exercise that comes from hard chewing—and what could be better than a hard, crisp apple?

Since nobody can be expected to exist on apples alone, I asked my dentist for a list of tooth-cleansing foods, and was given oranges, apples, lettuce, celery, radishes, onions, nuts, crusts of bread, and fatty fish.

It seems that blubber, with its vitamin D content, is a chief reason why Greenland Eskimos, who use no toothbrush, have the most perfect teeth of all present-day peoples.

Falling an Eskimo menu, if sufficient milk and cheese are used daily enough calcium is obtained, but where the ideal diet is not available cod liver oil or some preparation of calcium and vitamin D is usually recommended, plus as much fresh fruit and vegetables as possible.

A flashing, white smile is a joy to behold, but do not despair if it is not your lot. An occasional rub over with a brush dipped in a mixture of lemon juice and soda bicarbonate, used as a toothpaste, or a half-and-half mixture of salt and soda bicarbonate will produce a brighter smile. Play up contrast to gums that are healthily pink and firm, brightly colored lipstick and suntanned skin, to make the teeth seem whiter than they really are.

to Babies
to Mothers
to Sisters
and others
this Christmas give

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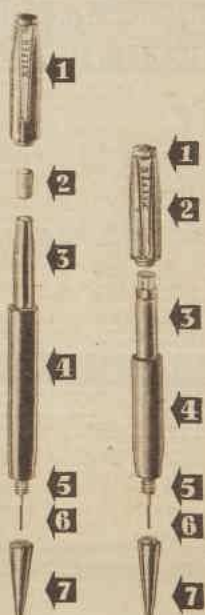
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- 7.—Detachable gold-plated point. Unbreaks in clear broken or inferior leads.

Last-minute Christmas gift ideas



● Posy for a girl who makes her own undies is shown above. Make it of two yards of lingerie lace, tacked lightly together into a frill around a bunch of silk flowers tied with plenty of satin ribbon.



● Instead of real flowers, send two beautiful artificial blooms, boxed as above, to make an exciting hat-trim.

● Glamor gift, at left, is a lovely evening stole. Make it out of two yards of chiffon in a color the recipient loves. Whip it yourself right round the edge.



● You can make the beach handkerchief, above right, by joining three pieces of gay striped cotton material.

● For a friend who loves her kitchen you could make a cotton apron of odd scraps and wrap it with an unusual, useful little cook book.



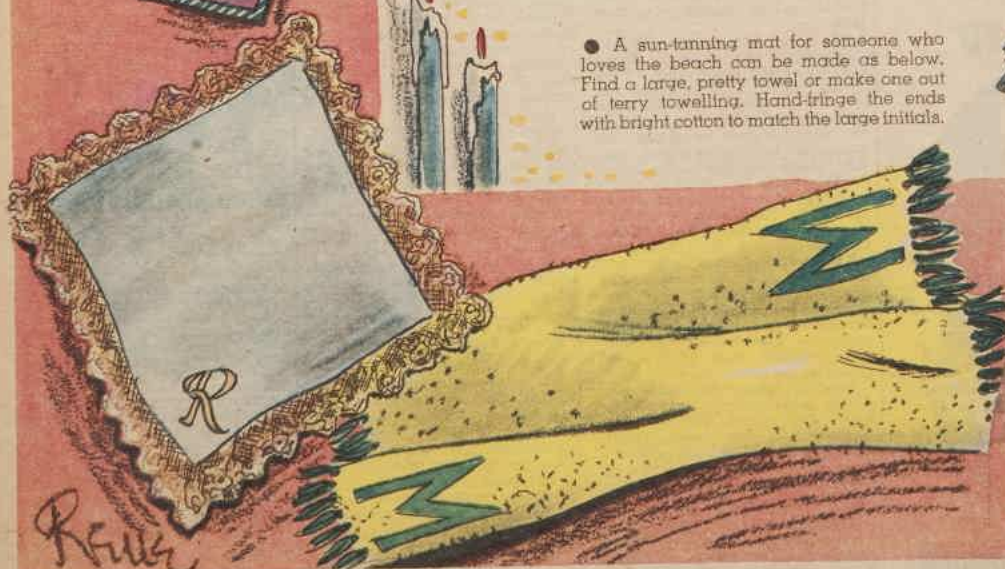
● Shoe bags, at left, are a useful gift for one who travels. If you are handy with a sewing machine you can run these up very quickly out of gay scraps.



● Of chiffon or fine sheer, you can make a throw-over as at left below. Cut a 24 inch square and edge it with lace and applique a satin initial on it. This is a perfect present for a dainty, tidy-minded person to cover her undies at night.



● A sun-tanning mat for someone who loves the beach can be made as below. Find a large, pretty towel or make one out of terry towelling. Hand-fringe the ends with bright cotton to match the large initials.



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Big cash prizes for cookery

£10 for best recipe of week

● Commencing with our New Year issue, £10 will be paid for best recipe of the week, and £1 for all others published on this page.

SEND in your best now; it may win you the first weekly prize of £10. The recipes published below were highly commended by the judges in our £2000 Cookery Contest, and each has been awarded a cash prize of £1.

CREAMED LAMB SHAPE

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 cups cubed cooked lamb, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallot, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), 2 dessertspoons gelatine soaked in 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 cup chopped parsley, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, stock, salt, pepper. Continue stirring until boiling. Allow to become cold. Fold in lamb, shallot, peas, diced red pepper, and dissolved gelatine. Lastly add vinegar and parsley. Turn into wetted mould. Chill until set, unmould, garnish with tomato and parsley, and serve with sliced orange and onion salad.

Special Prize of £1 to Miss F. W. Whitehead, 24 Florence St., Goodwood, S.A.

DATE AND CHEESE TEA-RING

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a dough with beaten eggs and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to barely ¼ in. thickness. Cover with dates, lemon rind, cheese, and nuts. Moisten edges, shape into a long thin roll, then into a ring by bringing ends of roll together. Place on greased tray. With clean scissors, cut nearly through to centre at 2 in. intervals, turning each piece slightly sideways to show filling. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes, reducing heat slightly after 15 minutes. While still hot, glaze with sugar syrup and sprinkle with nuts.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. L. Willington, 121 Tooronga Rd., East Malvern, Vic.

RAISIN CREAM PIE

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. shortening, 4 or 5 tablespoons water, squeeze of lemon juice.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to floured board, roll out and line 8 in. tart-plate. Reserve strips of pastry to lattice top. Pinch a frill around edge of tart, brush with milk. Fill with raisin cream mixture, lattice top with pastry strips, pressing strips lightly on to moistened edge of tart. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and cook a further 20 minutes.

Raisin Cream: Half cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, 1½ cups chopped seeded raisins, 1/3rd cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Combine sugar, egg-yolks, and melted margarine or butter; mix well. Add raisins, then all other ingredients in order listed. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Dragan, Studley Park Rd., Studley Park E4, Vic.

GINGER WALNUT SPONGE

Three eggs, 3 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,

pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks mixed with golden syrup. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then hot milk and melted shortening. Turn into greased 7 in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler; when cold, join and top with walnut ginger cream.

Walnut Ginger Cream: Half tin condensed milk, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup icing sugar, 3 tablespoons very finely chopped preserved ginger, 2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts.

Beat condensed milk with lemon rind and juice, gradually add icing sugar and beat well. Place in ice chest or refrigerator until well thickened. Fold in ginger and walnuts.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Corrigan, 74 Pacific Highway, Swansea, N.S.W.

HOT CHICKEN TIMBALE

One and a half cups minced cooked poultry, 6oz. cooked macaroni or spaghetti, 2oz. diced ham, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, pinch grated nutmeg, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, parsley.

Grease a plain pudding-mould thickly, line bottom and sides with cooked, drained macaroni or spaghetti. Combine poultry, ham, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, onion, nutmeg. Mix with beaten eggs, melted shortening and milk. Allow to stand 10 to 15 minutes before turning carefully into prepared mould. Cover with greased paper, steam 1 to 1½ hours. Unmould on to hot serving-dish, garnish with parsley.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. R. Jackson, 26 Robert St., Croydon, S.A.

APPLE TURNOVERS WITH CREAM CHEESE PASTRY

Cream Cheese Pastry: Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons margarine or good shortening, 4oz. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Cream margarine or shortening with cream cheese and sugar. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Wrap in waxed paper, chill in ice chest or refrigerator until required—at least one hour if possible. Roll thinly on floured board, cut into 4 in. squares. On each square place a spoonful of prepared filling, moisten edges. Fold over, forming triangles, press edges together. Brush tops with milk. Bake on greased tray in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes.

Apple Filling: One cup well-drained stewed apple pulp sweetened to taste, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and allow to become quite cold before using.

Special Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Martin, 58 Ocean St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Give for Christmas

CRAMMED from cover to cover with prize recipes from our £2000 Cookery Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Book is the ideal Christmas gift for the newly engaged girl, the bride, or the established housewife.

Every recipe has been carefully tested, directions are clear and full, and the illustrations attractive.

Price 2/- from our offices and all newsagents.



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THE PERFECT
WHITE SHOE CLEANER
S3A-47



NO MATTER how simple the gift, it has more appeal if it is wrapped prettily. Ribbon and cellophane are a glamorous combination for the decking of Christmas gifts.



PACKED among linens, this pomander, or clove apple, gives them a fresh, spicy odor, imparted by the closely packed cloves. Directions this page.

POMANDER a spicy gift

POMANDERS, or spice apples, given as Christmas gifts, revive an old and charming custom.

In America these clove apples have come back into favor for Christmas. They are used as fragrant additions to cedar chests, glory boxes, and clothes and linen cupboard.

"Pomanders" they were called in the last century, and in practically every home they were tucked among snowy sheets and fine calico underwear.

The one pictured above was made in our Homemaker Department.

To Make: Select a medium-size, well-shaped raw apple. Wash thoroughly, dry with a clean cloth, then rub with a greased cloth.

Choose a handful of whole cloves, ones with heads if possible, but headless ones may be used, too, as their star-shaped ends add a tricky note when filled in around knobby ones.

Begin at the top of the apple, forcing a row of cloves in a circle around the stem, pushing them in up to their heads.

Pollow with row after row, until the apple is thickly covered with the spice. Then let it stand for two hours on absorbent paper or

until the juice that's been forced out has run off and the fruit is well dried.

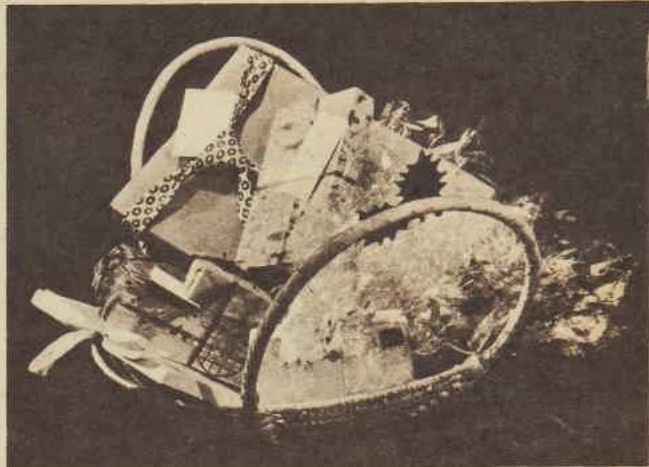
Tie a bow of red or green ribbon to the stem, wrap in waxed paper, place in a gift box—and there's your pomander!

One such apple, now several years old, has shrunk slightly but is still perfectly preserved, and still rich with the true, delicious scent of cloves, which it imparts to clothing and linen.

Clove oranges were almost as popular as pomanders. Their

making is slightly different, but just in case you'd like to try them here is the way:

Select a small, thin-skinned orange and stud with cloves just as you crust the apple. Then roll the orange in a mixture of equal parts of powdered orris root and powdered cinnamon, allowing about two teaspoons of each spice per orange. Rub the fragrant powder generously over the clove-studded fruit, then wrap it in tissue paper. Keep for a week, then gently brush off the excess powder.



GIFTS for the neighbors or family look attractive popped into your flower basket. Wrap them all differently and, for extra charm, tuck a real flower into the paper if the gift is for a woman.

Little girls dream of these dolls



ROWE STREET, Sydney, no wider than a lane, is crowded with little shops, each with its window dressed to command more than a passing glance.

Since the War Widows' Craft Guild filled its shop window with dolls, the little street has been alive with small girls on window-gazing trips.

Members of the guild have made exquisite clothes for unbreakable British dolls, using organdie and sprigged muslin for the tiny dresses and frilled petticoats beneath. Members who are milliners made cart-wheel hats for miniature ladies, and glovemakers turned shoemakers, using doekin for the fashionable footwear they turned out.

So fond of the plastic beauties did the dolls' dress-makers become that they admit to thinking of them as real personalities. Average price of a doll there is from £4/4/- . Deposits can be made. Larger dolls have brown eyes, the "babies" have blue, and all are sleeping dolls.

HELPERS Mrs. R. Leiper (left) and Mrs. E. Wagstaff (centre) sell dolls at War Widows' Craft Guild.

BABY DOLL sleeps in a toy-sized bassinet. It will be tagged with the name of the Royal baby.





SPARKLE STARS of toothpicks and cork are painted and dusted with glitter to decorate the Christmas tree. These were gold and silver, and the glitter was dusted on while the paint was still wet. Cork and sticks should be quite dry before they are assembled.



INSTEAD of leaving the buying and wrapping of Christmas gifts until the last minute, go over your list now and make final selections. Hurried, haphazard buying on the eve of Christmas is unwise.

Herbs grow well in poor soil

HERBS are grown in most home gardens, but the lesser-known varieties are often neglected, thus robbing family menus of some unusual flavors, and gardens of fragrant borders.

The more popular lines, thyme, sage, marjoram, mint, and parsley, have been readily obtainable, but others such as basil, dill, caraway, angelica, wormwood, tarragon, and tansy are rarely stocked by seedsmen. Nurserymen, too, generally do not bother to raise plants, with the result that gardeners experience great difficulty in obtaining them.

But wherever old-established herb gardens exist, seeds, cuttings, or plants can be obtained from their

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

owners, who are usually eager to help others who require them.

Skipping through a herb book recently I found 212 varieties listed, ranging from acornite to yarrow and representing 48 plant families.

From this it will be seen that the gardener desiring to grow medicinal and culinary herbs has a wide range of plants from which to select.

Many of the best culinary herbs grow quite well in poor soil, and do not thrive when overfed or overwatered. This is helpful to those who live in very sandy districts, or to others whose soil is just as nature or the landlord handed it over.

But the greater interest is likely

to be taken in herbs that the gardener can use in cookery or simple home medicinal treatments. These, of course, include anise, lemon balm, basil, bergamot, borage, salad burnet, calamint, caraway, catmint, chamomile, chervil, chicory, chives, cicely, coltsfoot, coriander, dill, fennel, garlic, hops, lavender, majoram, and mint.

But then there are mustard, nasturtium, parsley, pennyroyal, poppy, pyrethrum, rosemary, rue, saffron, sage, santolina, savory, senna, sorrel, tansy, thyme, valerian, verbena, wintergreen, wormwood, and yarrow, all of which have their uses—and their devotees.

Most of them require soil that holds the moisture fairly well and is reasonably fertile and productive. And apart from their intrinsic value as foods or medicines, most of them lend themselves to garden decoration and provide beauty over long periods.

The big-leaved angelicas with their fleshy stems are much used for crystallising and flavoring; the savorys and mints for salads and sauces; rue, dill, caraway, coriander, majoram, parsley, chervil, chives, garlic, nasturtium, burnet, anise, and basil in cookery.

Many of them can be obtained from herb specialists in Australia to-day, either in the form of seeds, plants, or in green or dried form ready for use.

Where special plots can be reserved for herbs, the gardener is urged to grow her own, for they are full of vitamins, food values, and interest, and are mostly very easy to grow.

THE ART OF RELAXING

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,
our Mothercraft Nurse

MENTAL and physical relaxation is an art which should be practised daily by everyone for the sake of their health. Mothers who are expecting a baby, or who are nursing one, should regard this as an essential rite.

The ability to relax is not shared by all, and demonstrations helpful to mothers are given, among others, at The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Demonstrations include: Making baby's cot, giving a bath to baby, and special pre-natal and post-natal exercises.

Hours for these demonstrations are 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. from Monday to Friday.



TRIO of beautifully dressed dolls seem to skip with joy at thought of belonging to some lucky little girls.



THIS LITTLE GIRL thought it fun to be surrounded by lovely dolls with model clothes and hats, funny black dolls, and baby dolls with blue eyes, wearing the daintiest pink garments which you could take off to wash, and put on again quite easily.

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*they all like to think they can't...
but they can and they love it*



A little feminine intuition, a subtle hint dropped at the right time, a cool hand soothing a ruffled brow and what could Santa possibly be else but "won around" ... especially if the prize is to be one of these exciting 1949 Philips radios. If YOUR Santa is like most Santas we know (selfish brutes at heart) he won't be hard to win around because he'll realise that there's lots of enjoyment for himself, as well as you, with a new Philips in the family.

Sales Points for Mrs. Santa (or Miss Santa). Most of the new 1949 Philips sets feature radio's newest slant ... the *Inclinator Dial*. Every radio has behind it the co-ordinated research of Philips Laboratories in 16 countries of the world. All Philips receivers give A.M. reproduction with crystal-clear tonal response. Your Santa can buy one on easy terms from your nearest Philips retailer.

PHILIPS

The Dependable Radio



MODEL 112

This 4-valve A.C. mantel radio features Philips new angle on tuning—the *Inclinator Dial*. Model 112 is only 10 inches wide, has an in-built "on-off" switch and is available in a range of attractive colours. It's a "carry-about" set ... the ideal second set for every home. Priced from 16 guineas (£19/8/6 in Nth. Qld.).

MODELS 113-115

These two Philips gems have the same beautifully finished moulded cabinet. Both are 5-valve A.C.-operated receivers. Model 113 provides world-wide reception and costs £29/15/- (£30/16/- in Nth. Qld.). Model 115 is for Australian broadcast reception and costs £25/10/- (£26/11/- in Nth. Qld.). They both feature radio's latest development—the *Inclinator Dial*.



MODEL 111

This Philips portable is of satin-finished aluminium with moulded plastic ends and carrying handle. It's a 5-valve dry-battery-operated radio giving brilliant tonal response over great distances. A special "eye-lid" dial cover acts as the "on-off" switch. Complete with batteries, £29/19/6 (£31/0/6 in N. Qld.).

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1134—LITTLE BOY'S SHIRT AND TROUSERS

The shirt is in fine navy-blue striped cambric, and the pants in blue, natural, grey, or green British cotton. The garments are cut out ready to machine.

Sizes 4 years, shirt 4/11, pants 4/3, complete set 8/11; 6 years, shirt 5/8, pants 4/11, complete set 9/11; 8 years, shirt 5/11, pants 5/3, complete set 10/11. Postage for each, 65d. extra.

Nos. 1135 and 1136—SUNSUITS

The suits are cut out ready to machine. Material is a haircord in pastel grounds of blue, maize, or pink, with a dainty floral pink-and-white design.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2 years, 4/-, postage 45d. extra; 19in., 3 years, 4/9, postage 45d. extra; 20in., 4 years, 5/3, postage 55d. extra; 23in., 6 years, 5/11, postage 55d. extra.

No. 1137—LAYETTE

Cut out ready to machine, the layette is available in a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, or pale blue. Or in white voile.

Nightdress, crepe-de-chine 14/11, voile 8/11, postage 45d. extra. Frock, 12/11, 7/11, postage 45d. extra. Petticoat, 7/9, 3/3, postage 35d. extra. Pincers, 4/3, 2/11, postage 35d. extra. Complete set, crepe-de-chine 24/8, voile 34/3, postage 1/2% extra.

PLEASE NOTE! When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1134, 1135, 1136, or 1137, make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post: Box 4082W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.: Box 4082W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Fashion PATTERNS



F5340.—Peplum dress with a free-swinging skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 8yds. ribbon. Price, 1/11.

F5341.—A low-necked one-piece, ideal design for a floral print. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5342.—Soft lines and a well-defined waistline combine to make a charming summer suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5343.—Smart three-piece beach ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price complete, 2/4.

F5344.—Sundress and matching bolero, the dress has a sleeveless bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

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